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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

VOL. VII. OCTOBER, 1892. No. 10.

A NOBLE and venerated presence to which the Mission House was wonted will henceforth be seen no more among us. On September 9, Rev. Henry Kendall, D.D., was called to his glorious reward.

LATEST tidings from Persia brought great relief and thankfulness of heart to the Mission House. Cablegrams were received from Tabriz, September 7: *Everything going on well;* from Teheran, the 9th: *Cholera abated — Teheran-Resht.* The latter message was especially welcome because no letter from our Teheran missionaries has been received in New York since cholera developed there, and reports to the State Department show that Teheran and the out-station, Resht, on the Caspian, are among the places that have been most heavily visited.

UP to August 7, the date of last letters, no cholera had appeared in Salmas, our station lying next in its path.

THE departure of missionaries bound for Persia, this autumn, is of course delayed.

THE notorious thermometer of the past summer and cholera down in New York Bay are a wholesome quickener to a torpid missionary sympathy. They fit us, for once, to enter into the experience of our friends who live in the heat of India and are exposed to epidemics every year.

But what comparison is there between cholera in an unsanitary Oriental city and cholera trying to get into New York? Here, it is anchored at Lower Quarantine, surrounded by the antiseptic salt sea, with Federal and State Governments interposing a strong arm against either rashness or greed, the Treasury of the Nation, if necessary, at command, a Health Board coveting to win to itself laurels, an army of doctors eager to devote themselves not only to save life but to study disease, an Argus-eyed Press looking on, a people, on the whole, calm and reasonable, to be managed. When Government hesitates, a Chamber of Commerce steps in and private citizens offer the use of an island, a ship. It is magnificent to see a great City fight off the pestilence with weapons of nineteenth century civilization. And that is what we want to see become possible in thronged cities of the East like Allahabad, Bombay, Canton, Yokohama, Teheran. They never will become even *sanitary* cities till they are penetrated with the salt of Christianity.

AT the last moment before going to press, Lakawn (Laos) letters of July 25 come to hand. They are full of thankfulness for $800, just received for famine relief. "Very few people have anything to eat except the bark of trees and greens. Even the princes are eating but two meals daily," and "harvest still four months away." That same day, three hundred people had sat down to dinner of hot rice and curry, which was daily furnished, free, on the compound. "We are under heavy pressure, but so glad we are here to distribute to these famine stricken."

THE $800 referred to above was forwarded from the Mission House, July 8, and, in August, $3,500 more were sent, of which $1000 was contributed at the Northfield Conference, Dr. Pierson warmly recommending it and Dr. Arthur Mitchell having told the famine story.

ONCE again Mrs. John Butler has been obliged, on account of ill health, to relinquish her beloved work in Ningpo, China. Arriving in Vancouver July 29, she was uncomfortably detained there by quarantine for more than ten days. Her address for the winter is P. O. Box 1218, Tacoma, Wash.

THE share of the Women's Boards toward the million dollars required by

the Treasury of our Church for foreign missions, this year, is reckoned at $340,000. Of this sum, $27,869.56 had been received at the Mission House September 1.

Mosul station is to be reinforced by Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Ainslie, who have spent some years in that city in connection with the American Board. They are at present in this country.

Miss Melton of the same station, was preparing in June to go up into the mountains (beyond Hassan) under escort of Mr. McDowell. She is the first missionary lady to venture into that wild country since 1872, and her report of it will be anticipated.

That exploring expedition into "the bush" back of Batanga, Africa, required rather more time than we had allowed in order to get "a good ready." The letter to the Mission conveying the instructions of the Board was singularly delayed and occupied nearly three months in transit. A further delay was on account of new French missionaries whose arrival must be waited for.

Mr. Good proposed to make preliminary expeditions fifty or sixty miles inland from Batanga in different directions, and on July 18 was about starting on the first of these. After that he would set out on the exploration proper, not before September 1. He allowed himself three months in which to accomplish it and would be accompanied by one of the brethren, which one was not decided at last advices. Mr. Good was in high courage and determined to do "everything possible to provide for emergencies, especially against the emergency of failure." And now — for it is *now* with them — our prayers go with these brethren and for their great errand.

The scarcity of food at Benita, Africa, during some weeks of the past summer, was owing to tribal disturbances. Day after day an attack from the Balingi impended and, as Mrs. Reutlinger wrote, "the women were afraid to go out and watch their gardens at night, so the elephants feasted on what should have been the children's bread." She also mentions annoyances from the chigoes "which thrive in the dry sand and have a fondness for the children's bare feet."

At the June Communion, thirteen adults were baptized and received to the Benita Church, Africa.

The Gospel is taking hold in Ratnagiri, S. India. On July 3, Mr. Hannum baptized a young man of good caste, eighteen years old, teacher in a city school and long acquainted with the Scriptures. A great outcry was at once raised, his uncles tried to kidnap him and a guard of police was required for eight days. Several young men who had been studying with Misses Jefferson and Minor were beaten and imprisoned by their relatives and rumors of large numbers of high caste men who were "going to be baptized" were so generally abroad as led the missionary to believe there *are* others in secret ready for the rite. "The obstacle of indifference has been removed—*that* prayer has been answered," writes Mr. Hannum; "the 2,000—3,000 people surrounding the church yesterday are evidence of it."

Mrs. Chas. Newton, of Jalandhar, mentions that of three men whom Dr. Newton baptized in the spring, "one was a Mohammedan *fakir*, whose austerities had won him quite a following. He showed his humility by learning in school with children and eking out his small allowance by doing coolies' work, to which he is quite unaccustomed."

Twenty-five persons were baptized last season at Ruper in the Jalandhar district.

The Summer in India was marked by intense heat. June 27, the thermometer at Jalandhar stood 120° in the shade. Cholera prevailed in many places. Mrs. Lohr, teacher in the Orphanage at Futtehgurh, wrote, July 11, of her vacation visit in the Central Provinces:

"People came to my father-in-law, who is doctor as well as missionary, by hundreds. There was a panic among them and as soon as cholera broke out in some village, they fled and took it to another. The poor person who would be taken on the road, would be forsaken by everybody and left to die. His body would be unburied and dogs and birds of prey came at night and tore off the flesh. I saw two or three such half-eaten bodies one day as I went in our *garé* to visit some missionaries about ten miles from my father-in-law's. Often these poor people recover from the disease but die of hunger and thirst, because they are too weak to move and nobody is there to give them a drink of water."

Mrs. Allis wrote from the Straits of Magellan, July 6, it being the fifth day since they entered that region of marvelous scenery, well "worth thirty-three days of ocean travel" to behold. They were hoping to sight Chili in a week more and end their voyage of 9,500 miles.

OUR MISSIONARIES IN PERSIA

AND POST OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Mrs. F. G. Coan,	Oroomiah.	Mrs. Lewis F. Esselstyn,	Teheran.
Mrs. D. P. Cochran,	"	Miss Letitia H. McCampbell,	"
Miss Harriet L. Medbery.	"	Mrs. J. L. Potter,	"
Dr. Emma T. Miller,	"	Miss Anna Schenck,	"
Miss Grace G. Russell,	"	Dr. Mary J. Smith,	"
Mrs. John H. Shedd,	"	Mrs. S. Lawrence Ward,	"
Mrs. B. K. St. Pierre,	"	Mrs. J. W. Hawkes,	Hamadan.
Miss Mary K. Van Duzee,	"	Miss S. S. Leinbach,	"
Dr. Mary E. Bradford,	Tabriz.	Miss Annie Montgomery,	"
Mrs. Turner Brashear,	"	Miss Charlotte Montgomery,	"
Miss G. Y. Holliday,	"	Mrs. J. G. Watson,	"
Mrs. W. S. Vanneman,	"	Dr. Jessie C. Wilson,	"
Mrs. Annie Rhea Wilson,	"	Mrs. E. W. McDowell,	Mosul, Turkey.
Mrs. John C. Mechlin,	Haft Dewan, Selmas.	Miss Anna Melton,	" "
Miss C. O. Van Duzee,	" "		

In this country.—Mrs. E. W. Alexander, Tridelphia, W. Va.; Miss Cora Bartlett, Maryville, Tenn.; Miss Annie G. Dale, Media, Pa.; Miss Dean, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Greene, 1222 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Jewett, Aurora, Neb.; Mrs. Labaree, Winchester, Mass.; Mrs. Van Hook, Beaman, Iowa.

NOTES FROM A BELEAGUERED CITY.

Since Dr. Mary Bradford's letter was in type (page 280), fuller information has been received from Tabriz.

Cholera made its appearance there about July 29, and in the ten days following, Mussulmans died by thousands. Many Armenians also died and a large percentage of the few Europeans. The French Consul's sister, child, tutor and servant all died; the Swedish missionary's wife and baby died; and a stranger passing through toward Teheran died after a few hours' illness. His passport showed him to be Mr. H. A. Van Ketel, a Hollander and of the Reformed Faith. Rev. S. G. Wilson alone followed the coffin, borne by *hamals*, and read the Scriptures and offered prayer in Turkish at the grave.

All but three of the missionaries were committed to Dr. Vanneman's medical care and isolated in tents outside the village of Zenjanab. Other Europeans were encamped near them, and one, an Italian lady, was seized with cholera but recovered under the Doctor's treatment. Later, cholera developed in the village. Here, at the camp, a little daughter was born to Rev. and Mrs. S. G. Wilson.

Inside of Tabriz, Dr. Bradford was ministering to the sick and dying. There are people waiting for medicine all the time. The Armenian doctor is seized and sends for her. Her cook (a man) leaves, "scared to death." Two other assistants are desperate, on the point of leaving because their wives "sit at home and weep and beg to be taken out of the city." One says he is "not afraid but his heart trembles so he can't hold it. He is as white as a sheet." A new cook comes and his wife is taken down. One after another dependence drops and a new hand must be found to watch with the sick, to keep the gate, to run the kitchen. Four or five times a day Dr. Bradford goes to Elizabeth's side (the brave Yekhsapet) to give her medicine and bath and cook her food. While her patient was still very ill she said to her: "It will be a week to-morrow since you went to care for Mrs. Högberg." "Yes," was the reply, "and I am not a bit sorry."

The school-girls are quarantined under Miss Holliday's care in the airy boys' school. (The boys have gone home). They take example of their leader and beg to be allowed to "go and help care for Yekhsapet," and they would have been put to the test but a favorable change in her condition made it unnecessary. Miss Holliday provides regular occupation for them, and the mild attacks which several times are manifested among them she meets and conquers by the prompt use of remedies. She says, "the girls are just as good as they can be, brave, helpful and loving."

Provisions are not brought into the city in usual quantities and Miss Holliday goes from bazaar to bazaar trying to find coffee, and "all the bakers of house-bread have fled the city." A coal-oil stove proves a great resource. Every person employed for the smallest service demands extraordinary wages.

Mr. Wilson holds the station, stands ready for every emergency and is the shepherd of the flock. "So glad I can stay and cheer some few." At night the streets present a continuous caravan moving out toward the villages. By day there are constant funeral processions and sound of wailing. But the little Christian community know they may send for their

missionary at any hour, and his face is seen in their sad and anxious homes every day, where they lift up their hearts in prayer together and take courage.

Every evening the three missionaries meet and exchange notes and, as Miss Holliday wrote: "People are so frightened, but God keeps us in peace."

A BOLD CONFESSOR UNDER FIRE.

Oroomiah, Persia, June 4, 1892.

My main object in writing to-day is to tell you something of Mirza Ibrahim, a convert from Mohammedanism, who is lately being much persecuted for his faith. I shall begin at the time of his conversion, for I think you would be interested in hearing something of his life then and since.

We knew him first as a merchant in Khoi. As a Moslem he was very religious, paying strict attention to all his duties as such. He was known many times to pray until away into the night, with all his might. One day he accidentally heard about Shamasha Werda and went to hear him preach. Shamasha Werda read to him the story of Nicodemus (John 3), dwelling on the words, "Art thou a master of Israel?" He was very much exercised over the talk and from that time was a changed man. He asked for baptism a whole year before his request was granted, and then Mr. Mechlin baptized him. It is a Moslem custom that when a child is baptized the friends all call and bless the ceremony. In this event, strange to say, many came to bless this man's Christian baptism. He then began to preach among his people; then trouble began. He was several times taken before the governor of Khoi, but he, being quite an enlightened man himself, would release the Mirza without doing him any harm, each time, however, telling him to go away off if he must preach or he would be compelled to do something radical with him. His family began to persecute him very much and he thought it wise to escape to another place. His wife, children and all his property were taken from him. When he first came to Oroomiah, about two years ago, his health was quite broken and he spent some time in the hospital under Dr. Cochran's care. After that he went out in the Barandoos plain to preach, which he did in a very open manner. The preachers told him not to work so openly, but he answered, "I will go."

One day, about three weeks ago, while in the village Saatloo, the Mirza preached from the words, "There will come false prophets." There were quite a number of Moslems present and he spoke very strongly indeed. His enemies became angry and wished to kill him then. They sent word to the governor of Oroomiah and two sheriffs were sent to arrest him. They came in the evening to take him, so they were obliged to stay in the village all night. It is said that Mirza Ibrahim insisted on discoursing nearly all night to these two sheriffs who kept guard over him. In the morning he was bound and hurried roughly along the road to Oroomiah and brought before the governor. He was questioned, but stood very firmly for his faith, and he was sent out to be beaten. He was dreadfully beaten, then kicked and struck in the face in a most shameful manner.

The official afterward said: "Of course the man is crazy. Do you think he would let himself be beaten in that manner if he were not? If he is a Christian in his heart he could have said with his mouth, 'I am a Mohammedan,' and we would have ceased beating him, but he would not say the words; of course he is crazy."

He was then put into prison in chains. Here he preached and prayed for the other prisoners, who listened attentively. He was kept in this prison about two weeks when an order came that he was to be taken to Tabriz. Rabi Awishalom, one of our teachers, visited him in prison before he went. Rabi told us the other evening the story I now tell you of his leave-taking. Mirza Ibrahim and Rabi Awishalom read the Bible together there and prayed, and then the Mirza rose to go away. He bade a tender farewell to his fellow-prisoners and they all rose, though heavy chains were on their hands and feet, and poured their peace on him with the tears streaming down many of their wretched faces. A great deal of bread had been sent him in the prison that he had not eaten. As he was leaving some one near said to him: "You had better take your bread; you will need it for the journey." But he said: "No, I shall be taken care of; give it to these other

prisoners.' From the prison he was taken to the house of the *sertib* (general) by eight soldiers. He was followed by great crowds of men, wondering and making various remarks on the proceedings. He was met by the *sertib* and a crowd of mollahs, who began to question and scoff at him. He answered all their questions so clearly and pointedly that they soon began to feel ashamed to question him before all these people gathered around, fearing, too, I suppose, that they might have to admit themselves beaten in the contest. Here Rabi Awishalom was allowed to go to him again. They had a spiritual conversation, speaking of faith, death and love. He remembered the missionaries with a great deal of love and asked their prayers. They then both knelt down, the *sertib* and mollahs standing close around them, and each offered to God a parting prayer. They arose and the *sertib*, in a not unkind voice, asked, "Have you finished, my son?" He was then taken into the yard to mount the horse provided for him by friends. The *sertib* stepped up and said to the soldiers who were to carry him away: "I swear by Christ, if any of you hurt this man I'll feed him his fathers," meaning the worst kind of punishment he could possibly inflict. He then said "God bless you!" to Mirza Ibrahim, who kindly thanked the *sertib* and was put on his horse. He kissed Rabi Awishalom and said: "Pray for me that I may witness for Christ before the great of my people. It is a privilege given to me, one, perhaps, that would not be given to one of you. Pray that I may be firm. Tell the missionary friends that I now feel as brave as possible. I have no fear whatever, though I know I shall have to die. Good-by!" After going a little distance he stopped and called back these last words concerning his witnessing for Christ and then rode away. He is probably only now reaching Tabriz. What may not God work through this brave, true man?

Ella K. St. Pierre.

OROOMIAH, June.

The witness for Christ of the Moslem Mirza who was baptized in Khoi and has been in Oroomiah for some months has been so clear and true that all Christian hearts are gladdened and many Moslems are startled and compelled to believe that there is a power in Christianity they had not dreamed of. The *khans* of the city made up a large purse and offered it to him if he would deny Christ. They thought poverty must have driven him to this step. He was beaten and kicked and reviled. His face shone like an angel's as he said, "So was my Saviour treated." He has been carried to Tabriz, but we do not know to what fate. As we were coming home from Tabriz, we met the band of praying young men who had that day met at the college. They stopped and told us that Mirza Ibrahim was even then being taken off to Tabriz. One of them went and spent the last hour with him and heard his noble testimony for Christ. Is not this steadfastness in bitter trial an answer to the prayers you have been offering for Persia?

Sarah Shedd.

TABRIZ, June.

At the time of our convention we heard that Mirza Ibrahim, a convert, had been seized and imprisoned in Oroomiah. Much prayer was made for him. He was afterward brought to Tabriz in chains. He was asked by the governor by what force or compulsion he had become a Christian and answered fearlessly that there was no force, simply his own free persuasion and belief. He is now in "the inner prison," beaten and persecuted. We sent Ali to him, not as from us, but, being from the same city, Khoi, and an old acquaintance, to take him food. He begged him to come twice a day and asked for some matting to sleep on and seven *krans* ($1.50) to redeem his *abba* (cloak) which he had pawned to pay for food. You know they do not feed Persian prisoners and they must starve unless they or their friends pay the guards to give them something. How gladly we would help him! But all must be secret, for to appear as his friends would only increase his punishment. He has been remarkably brave and outspoken from the first, saying, "If they kill me I know I shall go to my Saviour." So of this poor, weak man, faulty, perhaps, in many respects, God seems to have raised up a "faithful witness." It stirs one's heart to know of such love and devotion. Would *our* faith bear *such* a test? *Annie Rhea Wilson.*

WINCHESTER, MASS., August 27.

I know the man well. He is the only converted Mohammedan in Persia that

I recall, who has dared to be baptized openly before other Mussulmans. It cost him his wife, children and property. Mirza Ibrahim's testimony in the prison in Tabriz is in keeping with all that went before. Several of his fellow prisoners were moved to affirm they too would accept Christ as their Saviour. One charged with robbery of his master had refused under torture to declare where the goods were, but melted by the Mirza's preaching of Christ, he sent his master a full statement and the stolen goods were recovered. *Benj. Labaree.*

Courtyard, cook-house, street gate and watchman's lodge over the gate of the girls' school at Haft Dewan, Salmas. The house itself is on the right side of the gate and does not appear. It is rented.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT OF THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT SALMAS, FOR 1891–2.

. . . . Five seem to have begun a new life in Christ. Four of the five for whom we had hope last year, have held out, and two of them were received into Church membership at last Communion.

We expect to send our excellent assistant teacher back to Tabriz this Fall, to study two years longer so that she may be well prepared for her life work of teaching. She will not marry, as she has not much use of one hand and is lame in one foot. When she was a little girl the Roman Catholics would not have her, and, when I came her parents gladly gave her to me. Now, that she has some education, the Catholics insist on having her teach for them, and her parents, having become Catholics, promise that she shall. She does not want to, and this makes a hard trial to be borne, in her home.

The highest attendance, in one day, was 72, and the average for the six weeks of the great fast, 61 ; 20 boarding-pupils in all ; 16 classes ; 23 knew how to read.

The grippe in February took the whole school at once, and we could hardly have prayers or recitations there was such constant coughing. *There was no physician,* and I did not understand what the trouble was until I saw that no remedies I had used did any good.

Four weeks before school closed, the girls came one morning very much excited, and during the day twenty left. They said the priests (Gregorian) had threatened a fine of $150 for any child

sent to us. I was not troubled · I knew we should have as many as we could teach well.

At the close of school each girl had the present of a doll and a card, but the ungrateful little creatures who, perhaps, had never owned a doll in their lives, were many of them dissatisfied because theirs was dressed in calico when another doll was dressed in silk or a wee bit was broken from the toe. So it is the world over.

Two girls of twelve, day-scholars, were married. One of them went to live nine miles away, and has had four reading pupils. We think she is a Christian.

My time has been so full of school cares that I was forced to do less outside than last year, but, little by little, have gotten in 29 visits to other villages, 89 patients cared for, 103 calls made and 96 received, besides Christmas calls, and receiving over 80 on New Year's Day. Dear sisters who may read this report, you do not know how, if you were here, you would long to read every day to poor, ignorant women who would be glad to listen, and who do not know how they can be saved.

Last Fall it was voted to abandon Salmas, but we are thankful it has not been done. The work is more open here among Armenians and Mussulmans than in Tabriz.* Don't leave us here (the Mechlins and myself) alone, longer. Consider what the opportunity is and send some one to help us seize it. Our hearts are well-nigh failing because we are promised help and it does not come.

C. O. Van Duzee.

* Tabriz is the second city in the Empire, with 150,000 people; Salmas has a rural population of 60,000. For the "opportunity" of this station, compare Miss Jewett's and Miss Van Duzee's reports, *Woman's Work*, 1890, pp. 11, 12.

EIGHT THOUSAND MILES FROM NEW YORK—ONE ITINERARY.

September 15, 1891, NEW YORK.—Went on board S.S. *Germanic*, White Star Line, at foot of Tenth Street at 9 P.M.

16.—Vessel left at 5 A.M. Pleasant day and calm sea, beautiful sunset, moon almost full.

18.—Foggy and damp, though calm. After dinner, Cunard Liner passed. Exchanged signals.

19.—Cold, but bright sunshine. Vessel rolled considerably toward evening.

Sunday, 20.—Blew half a gale. Ship pitched enough to make standing difficult. Service at 10.30 A.M. In the evening sang hymns.

22.—Very pleasant on deck. Concert in evening. Collection, £6. 5s. for "sailors' homes" in New York and Liverpool.

24, LIVERPOOL.—Arrived at 7.15 P.M. Went to Shaftesbury Hotel, Mt. Pleasant.

25.—The party went to London by 9.05 A.M. train, Midland Route. Stayed at Miss Roland's, 14 Queen's Square. Table rather poor and service unsatisfactory to some. I went to Edinburgh on 9.35 A.M. train from Exchange.

October 2.—Left London for Hawick 8 P.M. Went on board *Claude Hamilton* for Rotterdam at 10.

3, BERLIN.—Arrived at Rotterdam at 9.05 A.M., took train at 9.15. Passed through Utrecht and Arnheim. At Emmerich had our baggage examined by German custom-house officers. Passed through Wesel and Hanover and reached Berlin at 10.15 P.M. Put up at Central Hotel close by station. English service at Jungen Strasse at 11 A.M. to-morrow.

5.—Left Berlin by 3.40 P.M. train for Cracow. Passed Breslau at 9.30.

6.—Reached Olderberg at 1 A.M. Baggage examined by Austrian officers and waited till 4.20 for our train; passed Cracow at 6. At 8.40 P.M. reached Russian frontier and had our trunks examined. All books and unmade material seized, but returned without charging duty. Returned to train at 10 P.M.

7, ODESSA.—Reached this place at 11 A.M.; stayed at Hotel d'Europe. Everything very comfortable, charges moderate.

8.—At 3 P.M. left Odessa on a delightful little steamer, the *Vladimir*, built in England. Table excellent.

9.—At 11 A.M. reached Sebastopol and stopped long enough for a walk on shore. Left at 1 P.M. and reached Yalta at 5. Went on shore and saw something of the very pretty town. Left at 9 P.M.

10.—Stopped at Kertch from 1 P.M. till about 5.

Sunday, 11.—Passengers and freight came and went by two row-boats at Sukhum Kale, where we stopped about 6 P.M. Very busy and noisy scene.

12, TIFLIS.—At 5 A.M. reached Batoum. Had excellent breakfast at Hotel de France and left on 9.05 A.M. train for Tiflis. Arrived at 11 P.M. and went to Hotel de Caucase. Not so expensive as Hotel de Londre and just as good.

15.—Left Tiflis at 9.45 for Akstaf'a.

Arrived at 3 P.M., a distance of only about sixty miles! Could get no large carriage. Slept at Post-house.

16.—Had to wait till 3.30 P.M. Made three posts by 1 A.M. Slept in Post-house.

17.—Got up at 5.30 and left at 6 A.M.; made our post and had breakfast at 8 A.M. at Dilijan. Made two more stages by noon, last one climbing the mountain. At 6 P.M. got enough horses and reached Post-house on Lake Gôkcha at 8.30.

Sunday, 18.—Spent in Post-house.

19, ERIVAN.—Went four stages after 6 A.M. and reached Erivan at 2 P.M. Spent the night at Daniel Beg's, the only Christian house in the town.

20.—Had to take private carriages and baggage wagon; not enough post-horses. Left Erivan at 11 A.M. and made only two stages; stopped in caravansary. Had a room to ourselves, a kind of store-room; no windows, but the door had lattice work about it. Mud walls and floor, of course.

21.—Left at 7.10 A.M., made two posts and again stopped at caravansary.

22.—Started off at 8.15 A.M. and, as we did not wait for baggage-wagon, made four posts; stopped at Nakhichivan, where Noah's tomb is said to be. Word means in Armenian, "Here he descended." Put up at very comfortable Mohammedan caravansary at 7.30 P.M.

23, DJULFA.—Reached Djulfa on the Aras at 4.30 P.M., just too late to cross the river.

24.—Went through custom-house and crossed the Aras at 10 A.M. By the time pack-horses were ready it was too late to start. Stayed at a new building put there by government for travelers. Accommodations very good.

26.—Left Djulfa at 6 A.M. on horseback. Rode for eight hours very slowly. Stayed at the house of an Armenian who is interested in evangelical Christianity.

27, KHOI.—Mounted at about 7.30 and reached Khoi at 2.30 P.M. Stayed on the mission premises.

28.—Left Khoi in pouring rain at 8 A.M. and had to stop in caravansary at 10 P.M.

29, SALMAS.—Made an early start and reached Salmas at dusk.

30.—Left Mr. Mechlin's at 8 A.M. Were met by Dr. Cochran before we reached Gavalan. Spent the night on mission property and met several of the missionary circle.

October 31.—Started about 9 A.M. and at 4.30 P.M. reached our journey's end, OROOMIAH, PERSIA.

Grace Russell.

OROOMIAH VISITED.

. . . GOING to the parlor one morning, I found three Jews there, who came to ask Miss Van Duzee about baptism, and they said there are forty families who accept Christ as the Messiah, though they are not yet ready to confess Him publicly. What blessed news! What joy in her heart, in ours, and in Heaven!

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AND ALUMNÆ.

I had the pleasure of attending the closing exercises of the Primary Department, which has been under Miss Medbery's care, since Miss Dean went to America. I was much pleased with the work done and with the neat and orderly appearance of the pupils, and even more so with the appearance of the mothers, who had once been scholars in the same school. I am gratified too, that the ladies here keep the girls to their own customs, changing nothing except what cleanliness or modesty make necessary, or what true politeness demands.

Next came the "Commencement of Fiske Seminary," held in the church. The exercises were presided over by Miss Van Duzee and were in Syriac, Persian and English. The most interesting were of course in the girls' own Syriac, and I realized how hard it is not to be able to understand, but the girls appeared to do very well indeed. There were seven graduates and they looked very nice.

The same afternoon the sessions of the Alumnæ Association began. There were about eighty-five present out of a hundred and twenty-five who have been graduated. Thirteen of these had been Miss Fiske's pupils, a good many had been trained by Miss Rice, but the large majority had the privilege of being under Miss Dean's care for many years. I wish you could have seen these Alumnæ as they appeared to me, after my journey of three weeks among women such as I suppose the mothers and grandmothers of these women were, before missionaries came among them. Intelligent faces surrounded by the cleanest and whitest of kerchiefs, above the neat, modest dresses that have taken the place of those worn

in the time when it was nothing to woman to have her person exposed. Polite, courteous to each other and to us, not perhaps so much so as I expected, after, in Tabriz, meeting Miss Dean who is so dignified and ladylike in word and movement, but much more so than I could expect when I remember the centuries of oppressed and untutored womanhood that lie behind these women. One can only understand all that has been accomplished by remembering this, or by placing, even now, a mountain girl as she comes from her home, by the side of such a woman as Esther, wife of Dr. Samuel, who is such a beautiful type of wifehood and motherhood and as dainty and sweet and truly Christian as possible. Some read papers and others discussed them, or the papers submitted by the missionary ladies, in a manner and with a spirit very pleasant to see — the *hearing* was what was of no use to me.

In the evening, we had a social meeting on the roof, when the missionary ladies entertained the Association. Mrs. Coan took charge of the music and she and the other ladies busied themselves going from group to group, and making all these graduates feel what a loving interest they still have in them and in their home life. Were I an artist, I would paint pictures, so that you could see some things here as I did. Have a woman come in, who has had none of this training, and sit down among them, and you could see the difference, in her clothing, in her face, in her manners, and then you could appreciate the work our Girls' Schools are doing for Persia. It has encouraged me more than I can tell, and has nerved me with fresh energy, to go on in the blessed work of training Persian girls, to be such women, such wives and mothers, as these.

We had an early morning prayer-meeting, and then another session lasting till afternoon, before the close of which I left with dear Mrs. Shedd, who was quite worn out with all she had been doing — directing, guiding, translating for me and for others — the moving spirit in every thing, except providing accommodations, which was Miss Van Duzee's care.

The Secretary and President of the Association as well as many of the others, impressed me as capable of becoming good business women. Again and again during those meetings I said to myself, "Surely Christ's true religion has promise of the

DAILY BREAD.*

life that now is, as well as of the life that is to come."

The teacher employed in the school of the Anglican Mission is a graduate of the Seminary, and we have seen in the papers, lately, how well the girls are trained. Their housekeeper also spoke at a meeting, and told how the training she had received enabled her to earn money, even if she had to do it among those with whom she did not agree in religious matters. She was under Mrs. D. P. Cochran's training for many years.

THE MISCHIEVOUS METHOD OF THE ANGLICAN MISSION.

This problem of self-support for women is being earnestly discussed, now. That of self-support for churches and schools has been successfully carried out in some churches and in many of the village schools. It seems such a pity, therefore, that the policy pursued by the Anglican Mission has undone the work of years in that regard. Providing everything for schools as they do, in villages that in the past provided everything for their own schools, has, as one good old pastor said to me with tears in his eyes, "robbed the

* After breakfast, village women do their daily baking. The yeasted bread is rolled into balls on a sheep skin, then rolled and tossed deftly till it becomes a long, thin sheet, spread on a cushion and slapped on the sides of the oven till baked. Thirty or more of these sheets are baked every day and it is no easy task bending over the hot furnace.—*Missionary Letter.*

people of their manliness." He told me the number of years the people had gladly done everything for their school in his village, and how last year, with this other school providing everything free, the church had to make up about forty-five dollars, which the parents had failed to contribute. What a thousand pities that when the Archbishop of Canterbury was choosing a site for mission operations, he had not chosen some destitute centre in Persia, where no Gospel is preached and where mission work must be carried on in this way! Hundreds of places might be named where no ray of light penetrates, yet his mission is established here, where every one may listen to the pure gospel, if he will. Then his missionaries must gain a foothold among the people by undoing much of the best work that has been done by God's faithful servants, in the years that are past. Mrs. Bishop (author of "Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan") in writing me about the Anglican missionaries at Oroomiah, said: "While I regret their presence here, I must confess they are charming people;" but I can only regret their presence, and the influence they exert in favor of wine-drinking, and against self-support in the schools. It is required that no missionary among them shall be a total abstainer. I am sure the "Sisters" are "charming," from what the ladies here have told me and from what Mrs. Bishop wrote of them —I have not seen them—and they are not to blame, for we know they must go where they are sent and do the work just as they are told; but, all the same, it is sad that they had not been sent where they could have done good. I think those to whom God entrusts money to spend for His cause, have much to answer for if they spend it in pulling down instead of building up His kingdom and cause in this land.

HOW MEN ARE SPOILED BY THE CHURCH AT HOME.

Dr. Shedd, besides being burdened with care of the Churches, with Evangelistic Board work, with Printing Press, Book-Room, Classes in College, Church Erection in villages, where people will quarrel and make the work so much harder, is superintending new buildings for the Industrial Department, and all the time trying to devise means whereby men can be induced to earn an honest living here, instead of going to Europe and America to beg, and deceive the people there who are so willing to be duped. I came in one day to find he had a caller, a German pastor, who had come to see an orphanage to which people in Germany had contributed largely, and which had never any existence, except in the brain of the swindler, who had gone there, collected money, and then used it for himself. By the way, he is one of the *priests* ordained by the Bishop of the Old (Nestorian) Church. Dr. Shedd had taken upon himself the thankless task of writing to the Germans to keep their money, but they gave it all the same. When the pastor came he had the rogue thrown into prison, but put collecting of the $750 into the hands of a man as unreliable as the prisoner, and it is to be paid to another priest, whose strongest point is the wine he consumes.

If the Church at home and its individual members, would only learn that those beggars will never be useful to Christ's work in Persia, I think they would give the money, that is worse than wasted now, to the Board to be used in a way that would advance Christ's cause. I think I should be tempted to go to America if I could persuade members of the Church of the folly of thus wasting the Lord's money. The men who do the best work here are the men who have been trained among the people, and are not spoiled by being taught there is more dignity in living upon other people's money than earning it by honest work.

THE BLESSED CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL.

One day lately, Dr. Cochran quite unexpectedly received news that an officer, who lives two days away, was sending his wife here for treatment. Rooms for her and her forty retainers must be prepared, and his mother and he hasten from Seir, to have everything in readiness for her reception, and she is entertained in the Hospital building by his Lady Mother. What a revelation of the beauty possible to Christian woman in old age, that face must have been to that Persian lady! I, myself, would not grudge a month's salary to obtain a picture of her as she looked one day when her guest was with her. . . .

Then, what a tribute to Christianity that lady's coming to Doctor's home is! She knows Persian so I can talk with her, and she tells me how her husband loves and honors the Doctor. Her hus-

band has five brothers, not one of whom has ever been allowed to see her face, and yet he trusts her in the care of one of our preachers. He sees her, talks with her by the way, and she comes here and is treated by Dr. Cochran, and she never thinks of covering her face before either of them. When she told me how careful her husband is that no Moslem shall see her face, I expressed surprise that she allowed the preacher to do so, and she replied: "Oh! he is a good man."

Surely we Christian women should be very devoted servants of the Master, who has made us free with the true liberty, in which is no license but which trains and dignifies woman so that she can be safely trusted, and which so purifies and ennobles manhood, that it never forgets what is due to even degraded womanhood. God grant that all women of Persia may soon experience the power of Christ's religion, which alone can uplift them from their degradation and make pure, and true, and virtuous, those who call themselves their husbands.

Annie Montgomery.

Oroomiah, August 5.

PERILS OF THE MOUNTAIN FIELD—SOME SOLICITED FACTS.

I never knew any of our helpers to be killed by the Kurds. One from the district of T'Khoma, while coming down to Oroomiah, was attacked by Kurds and stabbed in a number of places. He would have died, I doubt not, except for the skillful attention of Dr. Cochran and the benefits of the hospital. This occurred late in the fall of 1889. It is not unusual for our helpers to be attacked by robbers. In July, 1890, Mr. Coan and I were stopping for a few weeks in Hassan, Bohtan. One of our most faithful helpers, Pastor Yohanan, hearing that we were there, joined a party of three or four Nestorians and came over to see us. On the way a band of Kurds suddenly came down upon them, took their animals, stripped them of their clothing, gave them a dreadful beating, gagged them, threw them into a dense thicket of underbrush and went off and left them. One succeeded in freeing himself (all were bound hand and foot) and after a time was able to find his companions, the robbers having carried them in different directions before leaving them. The day was very hot; the remainder of the journey (fifteen miles) had to be made with bare feet and they reached our tent late in the night in a sad plight. They never succeeded in getting any of their property returned nor the men punished, although I think the government would gladly have punished them had they been able to capture them.

Last summer (1891), Mr. McDowell with his family and Miss Melton and myself, were out at Hassan (one hundred miles north-west from Mosul) for the summer. The village is some distance from any Turkish government centre and is under the control of a powerful Kurdish chief, whose word was law and who oppressed the people dreadfully, collecting heavy taxes, often requiring the villagers to give up their clothing and bedding. We were tenting in a grove near the village and, although we took no part in its control, our presence was sufficient to keep the chief or his men from many acts of violence and, the village men using our presence as a shield, paid little or none of the usual tribute.

The chief had been, previous to this time, an excellent friend of ours, but he soon saw that our being there would be in the way of several of his wicked schemes, so he sent us notice that unless we left within three days he would come down upon us with four hundred armed horsemen, destroy our property and put us out of the region. We paid no attention to his threats until he sent his messenger to us the "third and last time," when we wrote him a letter telling him we had legal rights in the country and since he had made the threats he would be held responsible by our government for any harm that came to us and that under no consideration would we leave until we were ready.

The chief lived in a castle high up in the mountain about eight hours from Hassan, in a village of twenty chiefs, he being the leader of them all.

We sent a messenger to him with the letter and awaited anxiously the reply, feeling it was a crisis in our work and that unless we were able to assert our rights and hold the ground our work in all the region must suffer; for, in all probability, if we were expelled our helpers would soon follow. When our messenger gave him the letter, he read it and with an oath stamped it on the ground,

saying that in three days we would be out of there; that he had four hundred men ready to come down upon us, etc., etc. Our messenger returned late in the evening and gave his report (he was so frightened he was confined to his bed for two days), and after a "council of war" it was decided that Mr. McDowell, with the ladies and children, should spend the night inside the village, and I with some trusty men should look after the tents. We placed men on all roads leading into the village to give the alarm in case they heard the chief coming. This was on Saturday night and the same precaution was taken by us on the two following nights. They were days and nights of great suspense to us, for we well knew the chief to be a man of almost unlimited resources and cruel enough to do anything. By Tuesday morning, the fourth day, matters had reached a point where we almost wished he would make his attack — anything to relieve the dreadful suspense, and you can imagine the pleasure we took in a letter that arrived from him that morning, saying that he had misjudged us; that he wanted our friendship to continue; — in fact, his "love for us had never ceased!" Later he sent word that he would pay us a formal visit, that the people of the region might know he was our "friend and protector." We heard that the reason of this sudden change of attitude toward us was due to his belief that we had some great power behind us that he knew not of, or we should have run away when his messenger first came to us. It is wonderful how God's promises uphold one at such times and in this respect we did have a Power "that he knew not of." There is no doubt that he intended to come down upon us; that his warriors were anxious to come, and yet, by an unseen hand, we were safely kept. It was wonderful, too, what courage was shown by the ladies during the summer, for the country was filled with robbers and highwaymen that often came into the village.

I write the above incident not so much for publication as to answer your question about the dangers missionaries meet in traveling in that region.

J. G. Wishard. (*M.D.*)

OROOMIAH PLAIN.

Looking outside of Oroomiah you will find that the city is on a very level plain, and about four miles from the mountains, some of which are 14,000 feet high. These mountains, unlike your wooded ones at home, are bare excepting a few months in the spring when covered with grass and flowers. They surround this plain, which is about fifty miles long and thirty broad at places, on three sides. On the fourth side is a shallow salt lake over one hundred miles long that extends at the northern end into Salmas plain, and at the southern end into Soldoos plain. This Oroomiah plain is considered the most beautiful in Persia. Three rivers coming down from the snow up the mountains well water it. From these rivers a great many canals and streams draw the water off into fields and vineyards, as all watering here is done by irrigation. These water-courses are all lined with poplar or willow trees, so that the plain is quite well wooded. The roads are very poor, being narrow, crooked, with a great deal of mud, as the overflow from the fields when watered is always turned into the road and the road is always hollow and lower than the field. Then, many of the streams cross the road and have narrow bridges, so that when I drive my cart out to the villages I must often dismount and, taking hold behind, lift it clear off the ground until the horse has passed the narrow bridge. Of course there are many villages to which it would be impossible to take a cart, and I then go on horseback which, after all, is the most independent way of traveling in this country.

Scattered on this plain of Oroomiah are about 200 Nestorian villages, with many more Moslem. In these villages we have about forty preachers who are telling the same glad story you hear at home of "Jesus and His love." Among these villages are about 1800 church members. In the winter we have about seventy schools that are taught for four months, when the children are not out in the fields helping to earn a living, some of them grazing the cattle and sheep, some riding the yoke as their fathers plow (here a boy always sits on the yoke when the oxen or buffaloes are hauling a plow or load), and others at different occupations.

These large buffaloes are black as a coal, larger than an ox, hairless and awful homely animals, but very strong. Often

you will see a boy asleep on the broad back of one as he grazes along the edge of a stream. About 3,000 of these boys and girls are gathered into our day-schools and Sunday-schools, and bright fellows they are too, wonderful at committing Scripture. My work is to go out all I can to these villages, preaching and teaching and superintending. It is a work I love.

F. G. Coan.

MEMORIAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR BOYS AT TABRIZ.

Perhaps our friends would like to know when the pictures of the school building and boys were taken. It was a cold Saturday morning, but they never complained of shivering in undergoing the delightful operation of being photographed, some of them for the first time in their lives. The little boys in front are mostly kindergarten scholars. The mother of one of them recognizing his picture when I showed her the group New Year's, exclaimed "Sergis, darling!" and kissed it passionately. The teachers are in the row farthest back, our Russian, "B. Israel" towering like Saul head and shoulders above the rest. The Persian Mirza will be recognized by his tall hat of lamb's wool.

One boy, in Kurdish turban, is Mesrof, our theological student, from Kurdistan. Though a Nestorian, he rigged himself up *a la Kurd* for the joke of the thing. The handsome fellow near him, without his hat, and the one next, are also theological students. This class of four young men are first fruits and "our joy and crown."

There are two Nestorians in the group,

two Greeks, and all the rest are Armenians. You would laugh at some of the names. Besides Bible and religious names such as Shadrach, Resurrection, Ascension, Emmanuel, etc., the pet names "Grandfather dear" for a boy originally named for his grandfather, and "Master dear" for some mother's darling, the small tyrant of the house probably. One dear little round face, with black eyes just "crossed" enough to be mischievous and cute, is missing, for little Armenag has been called to the Heavenly Kindergarten, and his mother, widowed and childless, tells of the prayers and Bible stories he used to repeat to her. After the picture was taken, the whole seventy* day scholars and all, sat down to a feast in the long dining room. With cloths spread down two sides of the room and a plate and spoon for each boy, all sitting on the floor, it was not a complicated matter, and they enjoyed the breakfast of three hot dishes with tea to end up with, as much as a wedding. This treat was due to the visit of the Agent of Foreign Affairs, a Persian official newly appointed to the post, who visited the schools a week before and expressed his pleasure in a tangible way by a present of $15, "to buy the boys and girls candy." We thought a good breakfast a "more filling" way to use our share, and the boys will remember it as a red letter day when the two great events happened.

CONTAINS A CHAPEL AND SEVEN RECITATION ROOMS. BUILT IN 1891, OF RED BRICK

We all meet for services in the beautiful new church, and it is a sight to see the whole seventy shuffling in, in their slipper-shoes down at the heel, marshaled in state by "Saul." The evening prayer-meetings among the boarding pupils have been most interesting, but the boys say the very best are the morning meetings at seven o'clock, when the boys are alone together and even the little ones take part in prayer and exhortation, greatly to the delight and amusement of the theological students, who see in them their future successors. Several of the older boys seem with real sincerity to have made the great decision. Many have joined the Bible and Prayer Union, taking the cards and promising to read the prescribed chapter every day. At the Easter Communion four were received to the Church.

The large, upper room of the school building, with its windows on three sides open to every breeze, was used for the first time during our examination days, June 13–15, and for the closing exhibition on the 17th.

Annie Rhea Wilson.

*The dimensions of our page obliged us to crowd out a few of the seventy.— EDITOR.

UP TO DATE IN OROOMIAH STATION.

THIS little mountain village of Seir has an invigorating outlook. Three hundred villages dot the plain below, only sixty of which have had the Gospel. The mountains, the play of light and shadow, the sky, its reflection on the lake, the glory of the sunrise, of sunset, these seen from this mountain nest must have given, and still give, impulses for this work. I am not sure but the missionaries, to a certain extent, gain from these sources that inspiration and alertness which at home comes to us from our daily touch with men.

Activity, independent of heat or cold, is a characteristic of this Persia Mission. Dr. Shedd is now at the Lake side adapting the Chautauqua idea to this people. Already, tents, white and colored, speck the beach and a large one, a recent gift, is in process of erection. Here, each morning, afternoon and evening, for the next ten days, the pastors and church workers are to meet to discuss questions of practical import to the church and its enlargements. Mrs. Shedd and Miss Russell meet the women formally and informally. There will be hours between times for the salt bathing, deemed by these people so efficacious, as well as time for the social tea, that indispensable adjunct of every proceeding, religious or otherwise, in Persia.

Dr. Cochran has just prepared for the Persian press a pamphlet containing a simple, concise statement of the nature of cholera, its cause, the ways and means of meeting it. It is to be sent to *Khans* and other officials with the hope that the practical suggestions may be put into effect and something may be done to bring a certain degree of cleanliness to the city and its surroundings. Cholera has not yet appeared in Tabriz.* The near approach of autumn, may stay it. However, it is well to be ready to meet it.

The "new ladies" are anticipating the Fall when each expects to take up her specific work. Diligent study has given to each a tongue. They appear quite at home in any company. The Nestorians are pleased to have them so soon talk and eat with them. It takes almost as much practice to do the latter as the former.

Persia needs more workers—men and women with truly consecrated hearts and minds — more money, too. She daily needs prayer, sympathy, evidence of genuine interest. O, much we can do for her in these directions Let us do it.

H. G.

Seir, Persia, August 5, 1892.

*An illustration of the distance between the stations, cholera had been active in Tabriz for eight days when this was written.—Editor.

HASSO THE KURD.

This portrait is no fancy picture, but re-drawn from the photograph of a genuine Kurdish robber taken in Oroomiah four years ago. Hasso was born forty years ago, more or less, in Tergawar, a district between the fertile and densely populated plain of Oroomiah and the range of lofty mountains that divide Persian and Turkish territory. It is a rough, hilly country with some fertile valleys and abundant pasture, a lawless border country settled by Nestorian villagers and nomadic Kurds. The latter stand in a little more dread of the authorities than do the Kurds in the more inaccessible valleys over the border, though their yoke of allegiance is thrown off on very slight provocation. The villagers are in a hard place, subject to raids from the Kurds and to having quartered on them Persian soldiers who would much rather eat the chickens and mutton and milk and grain of the villagers than fight Kurds for the government on starvation wages.

HASSO.

Hasso's father was the chieftain of a petty clan of Hakkari Kurds. The son inherited his father's position and soon became both the terror and the admiration of the whole region. At last matters grew so bad that the government sent troops to restore order and punish the offenders. This was no easy task and for months the rebel defied the authorities, and carried on his guerilla warfare. With a small band of hardy followers, well armed and mounted on sure-footed, untiring horses, knowing every mountain and valley, he could easily hide and easily make a raid where least expected. The troops in winter quarters were surprised by Hasso in their fort in the night, and he and his men had the provisions and ammunition intended for the army.

Another time while they were hunting for him in Tergawar, he suddenly appeared within a few miles of Oroomiah and made off with a drove of horses. But even Kurds cannot live always in the saddle, and Hasso tired of being hunted like a fox. He knew too well the worthlessness of Persian pledges to trust himself in their hands without some strong security of his safety. The Kurds, with the great body of Mohammedans, are Sunni while the Persians belong to the Shiah sect. The rival sects hate each other almost as much as they both hate Christians, and of course to make a convert is a triumph. Hasso disappeared and people speculated whether he were dead or no. Then we heard that he had been to Kerbala, the great Shiah shrine, and was the honored guest of the chief mullah in Oroomiah. He had become a convert to the Shiah faith, and of course the mullahs were his protectors. Soon after, he went back to Tergawar with government salary and charged with the duty of keeping the peace. He was thus rewarded for his conversion and submission, and the governor received a special decoration and present from the Shah for his success.

Hasso's career has ended more happily, if indeed it be really ended, than is usually the case with such outlaws. They are not often taken in open fight, but usually fall victims of an assassin's dagger or the crafty schemes of a Persian officer. The common people are too much oppressed by government to help in putting down robbers. They fear both sides, and admire the adventurous robber. Many of the songs sung by the wayside are in honor of such heroes. My *chavadar*, two summers ago, sang constantly and most vociferously in honor of Kanin, who was operating at that time near Khoi.

In Persia, except near the border, the danger from these robbers is comparatively slight, but in Kurdistan, where everyone will rob if opportunity offers, the danger is very real. Dr. Wishard and Mr. McDowell in Tkhoma, were robbed in May, 1889, and Mr. Brown of the Anglican mission has since been robbed in the same district. The Kurds are barbarously cruel when aroused, as was shown in the Tiari massacre in Dr. Grant's time. A few years ago in Tergawar one of the Nestorian pastors and a companion were robbed and wounded, then tied hands and foot, and left on the bleak mountain side, exposed to the wintry cold and prowling wild beasts. Fortunately they succeeded in getting loose, after some hours of exposure, and escaped death.

Examples might be multiplied of the wild lawlessness of Kurds and mountain Nestorians. It is the great obstacle to the success of the missionary cause in Kurdistan and makes the work there one of peculiar difficulty and danger.

William A. Shedd.

HOW THE LEAVEN GOT INTO SADO, JAPAN.

Sometime ago a request came from the Island of Sado, situated on the west coast of Japan, that a preacher might be sent there. A recent graduate from the Seminary was sent. Miss Case was much interested, and made up her mind to spend the three weeks' holiday she has in summer there. Miss Bigelow was quite willing to accompany her. We were somewhat slow in consenting to their undertaking such a long and fatiguing journey, but they were courageous. They left Yokohama nearly two weeks ago with their traveling companions, O Yoshi San and O'ko San. They are now probably on the Island of Sado.

When we first came to Japan in 1859, five young lads came and asked me to teach them ; I readily undertook to do it, as a means of helping myself to a knowledge of the language as well as to gain an influence over them, for, at that time, the government would not let us have a teacher, and, except Chinese books, we had nothing to help us acquire the language. I kept the little class for nearly two years, and was then obliged to give it up. Some fifteen or twenty years after, a fine-looking Japanese gentleman called to see us. He said he was a government official and lived on Sado, and that he was one of those little lads. I have felt a deep interest in that island ever since. I trust the readers of *Woman's Work* will remember its inhabitants in earnest believing prayer, that the seed sown by these faithful workers may spring up, and be the means of leavening that whole island, and bringing its people into the Redeemer's fold.

Clara M. Hepburn.

Yokohama, August 6.

THE people are as to RELIGIONS: Armenians, Jews, Moslems, Nestorians, Parsees.

LANGUAGES: Arabic, Armenian, Kurdish, Persian, Russian, Syriac, Turkish, speaking.

Moslems number seven millions; the rest only a hundred thousand.

A little Inner Mission for the Moslems is composed of missionaries and brethren of the Churches, who, besides voluntary work, sustain a few paid workers. Never were so many religious inquiries made by Moslems as last year. Mr. Esselstyn has seen fifty or sixty Moslems at one time in his Sabbath congregation. A Bible woman was kindly welcomed in sixty of their villages.

NATIVE PREACHING FORCE: West Persia; 37 ordained ministers, 44 licentiate pastors, 146 helpers, 5 Bible women. East Persia; 2 ordained ministers, 4 licentiates, 15 helpers, 5 women teachers.

MEDICAL FORCE: Two men on the field, two more about to return, four women physicians.

SCHOOLS: Of high grade for both boys and girls at the four larger stations, each numbering (except one) from 75 to over 100 pupils; 3,250 in common schools.

TRANSLATION: Mr. Labaree is in this country correcting proof-sheets of the Revised Syriac Bible, which the American Bible Society is printing—said to be "the most difficult job" they ever undertook. Mr. Wright, also, is correcting proof-sheets (forwarded from Germany) of the Azerbaijan-Turkish New Testament (revised), which the British and Foreign Bible Society is getting out.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

PERSIA.

CHOLERA.

DR. MARY BRADFORD wrote from TABRIZ, August 4:

We are in the midst of a cholera epidemic. How often I have read those words of other places and little dreamed of the horror they represent! Mr. Whipple and Mr. Brashear have taken their families and pitched their tents outside the village of Zenjanab, sixteen miles from Tabriz. Monday evening (August 1) we heard of the death of the French Consul's sister and little girl and we sent Mrs. Wilson to the village next day.

Tuesday morning (August 2), Mrs. Högberg, wife of the Swedish missionary, and her only woman-servant, were both sick. Her husband had just started on a six weeks' tour in a direction where no telegraph or post could reach him*, and the lady associate missionary was at a village twenty miles away. A baby of two months, another two years, and a little boy of eight or nine formed the family. How should I get them taken care of was the one thought in my mind as I came back for more medicines, and when Yekhsapet (Elizabeth), wife of our Armenian preacher, B. Gregor, appeared at the door and said, "I want to go and take care of Mrs. H." I said: "You know the danger"? She answered: "Yes, but I can't let them be alone"; and I could have embraced her for the sacrifice she was making. I sent for the lady associate. Wednesday (August 3) the woman-servant was much better, but all our efforts for Mrs. Högberg were unavailing, and in a little over twenty-four hours she was dead. I helped Yekhsapet wrap the body in disinfectants and made it safe for the bearers. We gathered together the children's things and took them to the girls' school, which Miss Holliday had vacated the day before.

I ordered Yekhsapet to bed at once, and sent my woman from the Dispensary to look after her, for she began at once to be ill. I prepared the baby's food and sent it over myself and, in the meantime, the men were moving my things to the Dispensary so I could sleep there and be on hand all the time. Dr. and Mrs. Vanneman were vacating rooms for me and getting ready to start for the village in the evening. Every time I came near the Dispensary some one was waiting for medicine or to beg me to go to some sick one.

Miss Holliday has been over, and I don't know how I would have managed if she had not been in the city.

August 5. Twelve died *in our quarter* of the city, yesterday, probably 180 in all. Yekhsapet is a little better, but my woman had to leave her as some of her own family are down. My Mussulman servant, Mosa, was not well and I sent him to bed.

* Hearing of cholera, he turned back and reached Tabriz four days after his wife's death.—EDITOR.

PERSECUTION AND CHOLERA.

MRS. BRASHEAR wrote from TABRIZ, July 5:

Our station has been passing through a very interesting and, we hope, a helpful course of events. The Armenian preacher,* who is a very enthusiastic and fearless worker, has just gone through a bitter persecution from his own nation. He was finally forbidden to visit houses or distribute tracts. Although he can preach he feels that his work is very much hampered. It is very difficult for him, who is such an exceedingly zealous man, to have his hands thus tied. Then one of the Mussulman Christians is in prison here, but he stands firm and preaches and reads to his fellow-prisoners, who are from the worst criminals in the country.

This part of the world is now exercised by fear of cholera. Should it reach this city many poor people would be victims, as in the heat of summer, with the filth of an Oriental city and impure water, there would be little hope for them. All who are able are thinking of removal to the mountains, but it is horrible to think of the thousands who cannot go away. Pray for these poor people that they may be spared this dreadful calamity.

FESTIVALS.

To-day is what the Mussulmans call "the sacrifice festival." It commemorates the sacrifice of—not Isaac, but Ishmael. They say it was the latter

* "Baron Gregor," p. 266, *Woman's Work*, October, 1891.

who was offered, because they are Ishmaelites and Isaac would have no connection with them. All over the Moslem world to-day camels are sacrificed and eaten, the blood caught and kept as a sacred thing. In many houses lambs and sheep are slain and feasted upon.

We celebrated the Glorious Fourth by a picnic in a beautiful garden. The day seemed homelike with fire-crackers which the Whipple children had brought all the long way from America just for the occasion. We ate our dinner under some immense trees, the growth of ages. As all trees here have been planted by man it was interesting to wonder whose hand had planted these and in the days of what king.

Miss Holliday came into the school the day that Mrs. Van Hook left for America, and has been very busy with that difficult task — taking up another's work where it was left off, although it is no new experience for her. We prepare for a wedding next week. The young man is a teacher in Salmas, but the girl's family are "Old" Armenians (Gregorian Church). She has been in the school and is a nice young girl.

Dr. Jessie Wilson, who went out a year ago, wrote from Hamadan, June 13:

It was so warm in the house this afternoon that I brought my writing up into the garden to prepare for the next outgoing mail. The singing of birds, the ripple of water as it flows down the garden and over the rocks into the reservoir at my feet and the rustle of leaves bid fair to send me into dreamland in a few minutes. But I do want to answer your letter very much and so will try not to mind the birds, but to think of those big snakes which my Mirza described to me the other day as inhabiting gardens like this and in his Persian extravagance informed me were "red, green, blue, white, yellow, black and *every* color." I am fully awake now and I even turned around and looked at the mud wall to see if there wasn't one coming!

We are fortunate in having such a pleasant garden connected with our hospital, though I suppose part of it will be occupied by a physician's house as soon as it can be built for Dr. and Mrs. Holmes. I am only sorry they did not come this spring, because it will be unfortunate to be alone if the cholera should visit us. Many deaths are reported in villages one hundred miles from the Capital. But God will certainly take care of us, so I fully believe it is not right to be anxious and worried over it.

Miss Leinbach and myself are having little trouble getting acclimated, if it were not for the sand-flies, which are the torment of all newcomers.

I have a larger number of patients since warm weather has come. Many times forty women are present at our opening prayers. Mrs. Hawkes still assists me. Thursday afternoons quite a number come to the Dispensary in the village. The sixteen boys who board in the hospital are such bright little fellows. Every night we have prayers with them and, among other things, each recites a Scripture text. The smallest boy, who sits at the end of the line and who cannot read yet, always gets a short verse. We were amused last night when he quoted, "Thou shalt not kill," in such a solemn, old-fashioned way.

They were all interested in gathering flowers for our Children's Day service yesterday and we had quite a display of bouquets and potted plants in our morning service. I may soon begin to teach in Persian, although I dislike to give up my Sunday-school class in English.

Mrs. Hawkes, writing from Hamadan, May 26, mentioned the loss of some "patterns" from her baggage on her return journey to Persia.

"Perhaps some Arab sheikh trails around at present in a tea gown. If so, I hope he has completed his costume by donning the white sun-bonnet I lost a few years ago. A son of the desert thus arrayed would make a sensation among the wild tribes.

A PROVOKING DELAY.

"We hear of some of Dr. Emma Wilson's boxes having arrived at Baghdad! She sent them early last summer so as to have them when she would arrive in Hamadan (in November last). It makes me think of Mark Twain's nice new hair trunk which went by slow freight on the Continent and had turned gray by the time he received it. Doctor has, however, accepted the long delay gracefully.

". . . . I still work with Dr. Wilson in the Dispensary and go with her to the houses of patients. Some experiences are trying enough, but I am glad to have the opportunities for meeting the people. Sometimes I hold the heads of children while she cuts enlarged tonsils, sometimes support a patient while she uses the lance, help her while she syringes out wounds, and one dreadful day helped hold the instruments which she had to use in a difficult case. By means of this apprenticeship I hope to store up knowledge which I can put to practical use when Mr. Hawkes and I go touring.

"We have some things to make us laugh amid all the misery we see at the Dispensary. For instance, when the doctor was all ready one day to put medicine into a pair of eyes and I sneezed once, the friend who came with the patient started and wished the operation suspended. Had I only sneezed *twice* it would have been a very favorable sign, but this was most unlucky!"

WEST AFRICA.

WHERE IS IT?

Miss Christensen wrote from Benita, July 4:

I see that Dr. Gillespie has made a tour "around

the world," and as he has not been in these parts, for which we are all very sorry, I came to the conclusion that Africa is out of the world. Still, I am thankful for my appointment to Benita, and for the fellowship of older and experienced missionaries. I am very happy in their home and in being able to assist a little in their work. The location of our Station is beautiful, and up to this time I have been in perfect health.

I am glad to hear that the Board is thinking of pushing into the Interior for we have frequent visits from those tribes, and they are either begging us to take them under instruction here, or else send them teachers "who will tell me the new way so I can leave my old," as one man said. But, if you think best to send some of the missionaries already on the field up into the country, I trust the dear Lord will have new ones ready to take their places directly, for they are needed on the coast, in watching over and carrying further on the work already commenced.

THE FLAG AND THE FOURTH.

Although in French territory, the American flag was up before six o'clock this morning. You know the Fourth of July comes only once a year, and if the French complain, I shall kindly offer to put it up on their celebration day, too.

THE BOARD IS ASKED A QUESTION.

Why are you keeping one of our strongest volunteers in the Mission House when the work in the foreign field needs him so much?

NORTH INDIA.

Mrs. H. M. Andrews wrote from Mynpurie to her friends in Champlain Presbytery, last April:

Last February we were transferred from Futtehgurh to this place to take up the work of Rev. T. E. Inglis, who was going to America. It was a trial to give up my family of girls in the Orphanage, but all I gave up at Rakha was balanced by coming back to my first home in India, where I spent five happy years when in this land before.

AN IMMENSE PARISH.

Mynpurie (pronounced Mine-poo-ree) is an out-of-the-way place, 40 miles from the railway on one side and 32 miles on the other, and has nothing in the way of special commerce,—but there are 2,200 inhabitants in the city and about 801,000 in the district, of which Mynpurie is the centre. The people live in 1,379 villages and towns, so you see our parish is not very small. Mr. Andrews is the only ordained minister, either native or foreign, in all this region, and though he has several helpers (catechists and colporteurs), still he has to be the Shepherd for all. Not only have we Mynpurie, but 32 miles away is the city of Etah, with a District of the same name spread around it, in which there are 700,000 inhabitants scattered in 1,489 villages and towns. This whole region also is in our charge. A pastor at home with one church on his hands thinks he has quite enough to fill his time, but my husband has two churches 32 miles apart, a parish of more than 2,500 villages and large towns, with nearly one and a half million inhabitants. Besides this, he has a high school in Mynpurie with 100 boys and two primary schools with 50 more boys, while at Etah are two schools for boys, so he is Superintendent of Education in all this region. Every evening and morning in the week (except Sunday and Wednesday, when services are held in the church) there is preaching in the streets of the city and near villages, the helpers going out two by two under his direction, and Sunday we have a large Sunday-school.

DUTIES NOT CLASSIFIED.

Mr. A. is Station Treasurer also, and this means hours of bookkeeping and accounts each month, while he must be ready to fulfil all social and municipal duties which come to him thick and fast. Yesterday a very nicely dressed Native gentleman drove up to our door and sent in his name in the most approved style. He was a stranger, but educated and speaking English very well. His business was to say that his daughter is to be married and he desires to invite all the foreign residents of the Station, and he had come to ask Mr. Andrews *what he should give them to eat.* My husband knew very little about such things, so I was called in to the consultation and spent quite a time talking over the matter, finally ending by writing out a bill of fare for him. Do you think this is not much like your idea of mission work? Well, we have many things to do which often puzzle us to classify, and yet we try to make them tell for the one cause. We must get the good will and confidence of these people, and it was a comfort to find that this man whom we had never seen felt the Missionary was approachable enough to give him help in what to him was a dilemma of great weight. Besides this, it opened the way for a friendly talk on temperance, as the question of drinks came up in connection with refreshments. This land is fast becoming filled with drunkards in spite of all the ancient customs and their religious teachings against it, for as they associate more and more with Englishmen who drink wine freely, they are drawn into it also and go at railroad speed to sure destruction, because their make-up cannot endure what Englishmen can. We, as missionaries, must set our faces against these things.

SPHERE FOR THE MISSIONARY WIFE.

My own personal work is, first of all to be mother to the Christian community, inspiring the girls and boys with higher ideals of life, teaching the mothers and trying to bring them into closer communion with Christ, helping them settle their difficulties,

doctoring their children, and putting them in touch with the uplifting, cheering influences of Christian life in America by having them at my house in a social way. They feel rather ill at ease at first, especially as I always invite husband and wife together, and, though Christians for many years, the women have great shyness when their own or my husband are present. But a piece of cake, sweetmeats and a cup of tea is a great treat to them, especially as it is served on my own dishes and just as it would be to a party of American friends. On such occasions your organ is a great help. We have not done enough for the Native Christians in years past, and I believe that we can help them to be brighter workers in the same way it is done at home, so we are making that a part of our missionary work.

I have ten schools for girls in the city with about 150 women and girls in them — all heathen, of course. We cannot carry them on very far in study because of early marriages of the girls and of constant interruptions from household cares among the women, but we are trying to give them as much Bible as possible. The other day one of the teachers in a city school came to me and said it was years since she had worshiped idols; now she wanted to be baptized so that all might know she belonged to Christ. She came every day for instruction, but we shall have to be very careful that it is not known to her family till after her baptism, else they would see to it that we never had an opportunity. They would persecute her and doubtless shut her away where we should never find her. When asked if she realized how much she might have to bear in that way, she said: "Christ suffered death for me and shall I not endure these things for His sake?" She is a widow. Many women would come openly to Christ if it were not that they have to be cut off from all friends. Another teacher, also a widow, is anxious to be baptized, but she has a little girl ten years old, *the only child living out of a family of nine children*, and this girl will be instantly taken away from her. There is no law, either English or Native, which will protect her in keeping the girl when she becomes a Christian. Will you not pray that these two women may have strength to do what is right?

CHINA.

THE BOYS AND THEIR WAYS.

Mrs. Cunningham writes from Peking:

The Chinese word "*pei*" (pronounced bay) means "back," and reciting the lesson here consists in the pupil's turning his back to the teacher and rattling off what he has committed to memory; hence the name. I do not have my boys turn the back. I like to look into their faces as they recite to me.

Their dormitories consist of three one-story buildings around three sides of an open square, the school building forming the fourth side. The rooms are large enough to accommodate three boys each. The floor is of brick and at least half of the room is taken up by the *kang*, which is about a foot and a half high, and covered with a neatly made rush mat. At night the fires are made up inside the *kang*, the boys spread a little mattress (each has his own), lie down, wrap themselves in their comforts and are soon sleeping comfortably, unless some daring boy risks shutting out the cold air and putting on fresh coal as he is about to retire, in order that there may be a great abundance of heat; in which case it is owing to the merciful Father's care if one or all of them in the room are not smothered to death by coal gas.

DANGEROUS.

One evening we came home late from the monthly business meeting of the Mission and, as is Mr. Cunningham's custom, he looked in at the school court to see if the lights were all out and all was quiet for the night. As he was coming away, he heard a noise, much like the calling of a cat, which he thought it was, but something caused him to wait and listen again. The sound came from one of the rooms. He went to the door and as he failed to get any response to his command to open he forced the door to find three boys in various stages of asphyxia. He called Dr. Taylor and they stayed with the boys until they revived. These boys had papered up the hole that is left in all the rooms for ventilation, and had added fresh coal, thinking there was no danger.

CLOTHES AND AMUSEMENT.

This morning I found one poor little school boy very destitute of respectable looking clothes. His father and mother are dead and his grandmother, with whom he lives, is old and blind. He is an industrious, bright boy and has an inbred thoughtfulness and politeness that has made us care a great deal for him. There is no provision made for clothing in the boys' school, so we had our cook take him out to see about getting him a garment that would make him look decent among the other boys and to have his shoes mended. His hair is very comical looking, for it grows in a tuft from the crown of his head and stands up like an American Indian's feathers. Last summer, at home, he attached himself to some vermin and his grandmother had all his hair shaved off to free him, hence his lack of the regulation cue. But it is growing fast and he'll soon have a stubby little cue tied with red cord and then he will look and feel much better. Another boy I directed to rip up and wash his comfort and finding it would be necessary to add a good deal of cloth in order to make it usable again, I sent the sewing woman out to the store for it. This afternoon we played drop the handkerchief awhile, and I finished a set of jack straws I was making for the boys, and showed them how to play with them.

HOME DEPARTMENT

PROGRAMME FOR NOVEMBER MEETING.

OUR MISSIONS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

"South America calls for an evangelical Christianity strong in institutions — the preaching church and the teaching university."

1. Singing some Hymn of Praise and Invocation, as "Come, thou Almighty King."
2. Scripture Reading — Psalm 145, 3–13; I. Peter 4, 7–11.
3. Prayer by President or other member, closing with the Lord's Prayer in concert.
4. Singing, "'Tis God the Spirit leads."
5. Secretary's and Treasurer's Reports. Business, and Letters from Missionaries. (Need of care at this point lest the minutes run to waste.) Announcements.
6. Sing one verse of hymn, "Always with us."
7. Topic of the month, introduced briefly by the President or one appointed, stating position of South America, its governments, prevailing religion, need of Christian Missions, in which countries our church has established missions. Then take up, as the largest and most important, BRAZIL, calling
8. A Brazilian Missionary Congress, composed of one representative for each of our stations, BAHIA, RIO DE JANEIRO, SAN PAULO, BOTUCATU, CORITYBA, RIO CLARO, pointing out on map the station, as a brief report of the work in each is given. If time permits, read extracts from article by H. M. Lane, "*The Relation of a Protestant College to the Women of Brazil.*" (*W. W.*, Nov., 1891.)
9. Sing one verse of "Christ for the world we sing."
10. Some facts about the Colombia Mission. Representatives point out each station and give latest report of the work.
11. A tour through our Missions in Chili. (One paper — a brief survey.)
12. Sing. (Tune: "Missionary Hymn.")

From Chili's rugged mountains,
From Fire-land's stormy strand;
And where Peru's bright fountains
Flow down her silver sand;
From Amazonian River,
And from Brazilian plain,
They call us to deliver,
Men's souls from Error's chain.

What though in many a region,
God's precious gifts are found,
And near the dark Fuegian,
His wond'rous works abound;
In vain his loving kindness,
In vain his chastening rod;
Men still walk on in blindness —
The heathen knows not God.

Can we, so richly gifted
With wisdom from above,
Behold his cross uplifted,
To draw men by his love?
Can we withhold salvation,
Who hope in Jesus' name,
And not to every nation
His holy faith proclaim?

No; let the torch be lighted,
To show the better way,
And lead the once benighted,
To trust and "watch and pray."
Till He shall come in glory,
To light up earth and main;
And Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Shall hail Messiah's reign.

13. Closing prayer for the work and workers in South America. Doxology.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PREPARATION.

Have a map of S. A. with mission stations clearly marked.

Have on blackboard names of our workers at the different stations, with text, "*Esteem them very highly for the work's sake.*"—I. Thess. 5, 13.

Add pictures of scenes and specimens of productions of the country, if they can be procured. As the hour is short let the eye as well as the ear take in information every minute.

Make the room as bright and attractive as decoration, ventilation, comfortable seats, and cheery welcome from the reception committee can make it.

Ask every one who takes part in the programme to *stand*, and *speak distinctly*, as if what *she* had to say was the most important part.

Begin promptly at the appointed hour and don't let any time be lost.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

MATERIALS.

BRAZIL.

"Things in Brazil."— *W. W.*, Nov., '90.
"Preaching Tour in Bahia."— *W. W.*, Nov., 91.
"Protestant College at San Paulo."— *Church*, Nov., '91.
"New Boarding School at Corityba."— *Miss Kuhl*, *W. W.*, July, '92.
"Christian Endeavor at Botucatu."—*Miss Hough*, in *W. W.*, Mar., '92.
Letters from other missionaries.

COLOMBIA.

"Facts of the Year."— *W. W.*, Nov., '90.
Letters.— *W. W.*, Nov., '91.
"Is there a Free Gospel in Colombia?"— *W. W.* Nov., '91.

CHILI.

"Santiago," by Rev. J. M. Allis. — *W. W.*, Nov., '90.
"Chili's Great Need."— *The Church*, Nov., '91.
Letters from missionaries in late magazines.
For pronunciation of South American names see *W. W.*, Nov., '91, 2d page.

E. F. R. Campbell.

LIFT THE ANCHOR.

Centuries since, Columbus landed on American shores saying with prophetic voice, "In Thy name, O Christ, we take possession."

The spirit of discovery is again abroad. Brave men and women desire to go to far countries in search of treasure. The wealth they would secure is spiritual, not for themselves, but for their King.

Peace broods over the world. Nations say, "Come, for all things are now ready." Jesus longs to be received into the hearts of men. So, the ship is made ready, the sails set, the crew—our candidates, men and women — have on their uniform, even the tide sets missionward. "Heave—ho!" the sailors cry, but that ship moves not. Selfishness has anchored that vessel, and her fine crew are looking about for another Line which furnishes not only ship but means to float it. Is it possible that women of the Church are responsible for that dragging anchor? Would it not be a finer sight to see them set it afloat this Fall than it was to see Columbus set sail for America four hundred years ago?

Soon we shall be giving special thanks for mercies received, for calamity averted, for spiritual gain, perhaps, during the year. Then will be offered many a gift to the Foreign Missions Treasury.

It is desired they should defray the expense of sending out every new missionary who wants to go; to bring home every missionary who is, by reason of service, entitled to a vacation; to open every new field that has invited laborers to it the past year. Enough to cover these expenditures will lift that anchor and in adequate manner express gratitude to God for His wonderful blessings to us as a nation since we have held it in Christ's name, as our possession. Let the gifts be large as befits the occasion.

A missionary writes: "We await with interest news of the Treasury. Whether the lacking thousands be few or many means much to many people, surely *as much to those who could have given and did not*, as to those who were ready and did not receive."

The charm of thank-offerings is their directness. Each one who gives with prayer, directly helps to lift that anchor. No circumlocution about this.

This year sees as large numbers as ever of departing missionaries requiring outfit and provision for their journey; no lessening of numbers who must come home for education of children or on account of ill-health, while the demand from new fields is equal to anything we have had before. It is plainly a matter of high-tide. The giving should be equal to the emergency.

It is not difficult to foresee a day when we shall no longer have this privilege. To-day Japan is saying "send us your books and scholarship, we will man our missions." India is appropriating our civilization, China our language. All these countries are quite equal to doing without the religion of Jesus, but they will not wish to deny themselves our civilization. It is possible, then, that spiritual and intellectual kingdoms are to be set up and Jesus our King, who hath redeemed "every nation," have no place in them. Think how, for four hundred years, the world has censured that Spanish queen for withholding support from the great Discoverer! Are we women of America wilfully withholding help in this day of spiritual discovery and upbuilding, refusing to acknowledge our responsibility, expecting to be blest, because we always have been? If there is any vitality in your faith, O Christian, come and bring large gifts lest Heaven reproach you with neglect.

Let each believer put her hand to that anchor, lift it, set those mariners on their way, that in the name of Christ our King, they may "take possession" and plant the standard of the cross upon every shore.

J. M. T. and M. W. T.

MRS. WILBOR'S MISTAKE.

It was a stormy day in October. The rain came down in torrents that turned the streets into miniature Hellesponts, and the wind caught the last leaves that had clung to the well nigh leafless branches and swept them away to add their mite to the sodden mass of crimson and amber that carpeted the sidewalks.

Mrs. Wilbor's cozy sitting-room never looked cheerier and brighter than it did by contrast with the dreariness out of

doors, and the open fire lent the crowning touch of comfort.

"Just the afternoon for letter-writing," said Mrs. Wilbor, with a smile of satisfaction, as she glanced out of the window. "I am sure to be free from interruption, so I shall really get something accomplished."

She sat down at her pretty secretary and looked over a pile of letters that were marked "unanswered."

"I can surely answer all five," she said to herself. "I will get my 'duty' letter out of the way first so I can enjoy writing the others."

Mrs. Wilbor was the secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society, and at the last meeting she had been deputed to write a letter to the missionary whom their church helped to support. It had been a kindly thought of the president, in which the rest of the Society had unanimously agreed, that a letter sent to the busy worker from one of the home churches would carry encouragement and cheer.

Mindful of the many drains upon the time and strength of missionaries, Mrs. Wilbor was instructed to say that the Society did not ask for any answer, but would be satisfied with their share of the letter that was sent at stated times to the Presbyterial Society.

Mrs. Wilbor had been deputed to write this letter partly because she was the secretary of the Society and partly because she possessed the pen of a ready writer, and every one knew that the letter would be well written if she undertook it. This was the "duty" letter which she placed first upon her list to be answered.

It was an eminently suitable letter which she glanced over with a pleasant sense of self-satisfaction at the close of half an hour. It assured the missionary that although a stranger and in a far-away land she was held in remembrance in the Society for her work's sake and that this letter was written in the name of all as a little token of their remembrance. She was assured that their prayers and interest were with her, that it was a gratification to know that she was being blessed and prospered in her work and that it stimulated those at home to renewed efforts to know that their gifts and prayers were not unavailing. All this and a good deal more in the same strain was carefully spread out over three and a half sheets of heavy, medium-sized note paper, and was concluded with a farewell that would have answered very well for a pastoral benediction. It was quite a pleasure to have successfully completed that task, and then Mrs. Wilbor took some sheets of thin ocean paper and, seating herself with her writing-pad in the low rocking-chair that stood invitingly in the pretty bay window, which was conservatory as well, she began a letter to a dear friend in California, to whom she had not written for some weeks.

She gave her a "mental kodak," as she playfully termed it, of the sitting-room, which had been newly papered and furnished since her friend's last visit East, and the description was in Mrs. Wilbor's brightest vein. She told about baby Robbie's cute ways, the tooth that troubled him so much in getting out into the world and the curl which waved down upon his forehead just like his father's. She told her how nicely Mamie was getting along in her music and how becoming her blue fall suit was to the little witch with her blue eyes and golden curls, and then the merry vein changed to a tender, serious one as she wrote how Frank, her oldest boy, had united with the church at the last communion and was trying so hard, in his boyish way, to be good.

It was a long letter — sixteen pages closely filled — and one which she knew would delight her friend. She had just slipped it into its envelope when baby Robbie called "Ma-ma!" and she left her writing to help him out of some baby difficulty. By the time she was at liberty again, the clock struck five and she realized that her afternoon had taken wings while she was absorbed with her long letter and she would not succeed in accomplishing all that she had planned. Directing the two letters she put them aside to be dispatched to the post office, and began her preparations for supper.

It was several weeks afterward, so long, in fact, that she had nearly forgotten all about the letters, except to wonder now and then why her friend did not write, when two letters were brought to her from the office.

One was in the familiar writing of her friend and the other bore a foreign postmark. Mrs. Wilbor opened the letter from her friend first and, greatly to her surprise, an enclosure in her own hand-

writing dropped out. Picking it up and opening it she found that it was the letter she had written to the missionary. At once she understood matters. She had misdirected the envelopes and had sent the long letter intended for her friend's eyes to the missionary. For an instant she wondered how she could possibly have made the mistake when one letter was so much longer than the other, and then she remembered that her letter to her friend had been written upon such thin paper that it was not thicker when it was folded than the single sheet of heavier paper.

"My dear Clara," her friend's letter began. "I have been too ill for several weeks to even have my correspondence read to me, but one of the first things I did when I was allowed to sit up was to open the letter with your dear writing upon the envelope. Imagine my disappointment when I found this enclosure. My dear friend, I hope I won't hurt your feelings if I say I never realized before how a missionary is beyond the pale of all human interests and sympathies. I realized more of what missionaries give up than I ever did before, when I read your letter, which no doubt was just the thing to send to a missionary but which gave me a chill to read, it was so formal and, may I say it, stupid. I wonder if missionaries are not a little human-like sometimes and if they wouldn't like to be treated as if they had some ideas in common with the rest of the world. Well, I suppose you know best, for I don't pretend to be a missionary worker and you *are* one, but deliver me from such a letter, say I most lovingly.

"Yours affectionately,

"SUE HOLLINGSFORD."

"Well, I wonder if Sue expects me to write the same kind of letter to a missionary that I would to her," soliloquized Mrs. Wilbor as she opened the other letter.

"My dear Mrs. Wilbor," the letter read. "I wonder if you will forgive me for keeping the letter which I know was not meant for me. Perhaps if I tell you how much it is to me you will let me have it. Now, I must explain, first of all, that from what I am going to say I do not wish you to think that I ever want to turn back, having put my hand to the plow. I love my work. I feel honored that God will accept my services and I hope to die here in the harness in this dear land of my adoption, and yet sometimes I do feel homesick for the home land and the dear home faces. I have a sense of being forgotten sometimes and feel alone in this land of strangers. Since I came to my post, my father, mother and two sisters have all been taken, so I have no one to hold me in special remembrance as they did. My other friends have gradually become so absorbed with other and nearer interests that they naturally have forgotten about me, and it makes my heart ache a little sometimes to think that I have no place in any home circle, no dear ones to remember in my prayers nor to pray specially for me as a dear, personal friend. My letters from the home land are principally from those who are interested in missionary work and naturally are full of nothing else, and so, sometimes, being very weak and human, I just long for a chatty, newsy letter, just such a letter as yours was. I couldn't help reading it any more than a hungry child could help snatching at a piece of bread that was before it, and, oh, how I did enjoy every word of it! I can shut my eyes when I am tired and picture your home and your little ones as clearly as if I had seen them. I could fancy you as you sat in the bay window writing, with Dickie spattering down the seeds from his cage and Robbie trotting about the room. I feel as if I knew your children, and I want to have your permission to love them and to have them to pray for, as if I had really a little share in your happy home life. Your letter was so real that I can see bonnie baby Robbie, sweet little Mamie and noble Frank whenever I think of your home. May I have this letter, dear friend? I will send it back to you if you wish, but I will be so grateful if you will write that you forgive me and that I may have it for my own, to read when I am tired and discouraged and feel forgotten.

"Yours very sincerely,

"HELEN NOBLE."

A mist of tears blurred the last few words. So this loving, brave, unselfish woman, who was so heart hungry sometimes for a little bit of home was the missionary to whom she had sent her formal exhortation to renewed efforts, with an idea that her letter could possibly be a pleasure. She read it over from a different standpoint now and she

was glad that it had never been sent to its destination. Before the week had passed, a real letter, just such a letter as she would write to a friend with the same interests and human affections as she has herself, was on its way across the ocean. It was the beginning of a correspondence which was mutually helpful and delightful, and now and then a bright story or a tempting magazine went with the letter to brighten a weary hour.

And Mrs. Wilbor was always glad that she had made that mistake — or shall we call it a mistake? Was it not rather one of those happenings which are overruled by a loving Father for the best good of His children?

Mrs. George A. Paull.

HOW SHE FORMED A MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

In the town of X., in a State I am not at liberty to name, lived Mrs. Y., who longed for the formation of a woman's missionary society in X. but could find no one there like-minded. However, she went to one and another of the church members and collected a small sum of money which she sent to the State Treasurer "from the woman's missionary society in X."

This seemed to her, on reflection, somewhat irregular, so she rectified it by taking her station at the church door at the close of Sunday service and saying to each lady as she passed, "Wouldn't you like to have Mrs. Z. president of our woman's missionary society?" All said "yes," and she notified Mrs. Z. of her unanimous election to the office.

Now Mrs. Z. began to cast about how she might correct the new irregularity. She went to the new minister's wife (at the time of her election there was no pastor) and laid the difficulty before her.

"Why not have a meeting of the woman's missionary society?" asked the pastor's wife.

"Where?"

"Here, if you like."

"I never attended a missionary meeting. What shall we do?"

The pastor's wife helped make out a programme. The meeting was held with nine ladies present. Next time thirteen came. The third is yet to be. Mrs. Y. is happy.— *M. P. Wright*, in *Mission Studies*, Chicago.

SUGGESTION CORNER.

As to Annual Meetings: Which is better, to hold them in such a place that the benefits of the meeting must be mainly centred upon the delegated body; or, where they influence a whole community and rouse fresh interest in the churches visited; or, where there is abundant room for interest to be kindled, but the meeting comes and goes making no impression outside itself?

The lady from Elizabeth says she thinks "the middle course is the best": that it is "a shame to get fine missionary speakers together and work up a grand meeting, and pour it all out on the very women that need it the least."

The lady "out West" says she thinks so, too, and that hospitality is in danger of becoming unfashionable; and she likes to have missionary meetings call it forth. "Why, nearly a thousand sat down to luncheon each day of our meeting at St. Paul. The Minneapolis ladies asked the privilege of sending all the cake. The Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements told me that, from first to last, she was not met with a refusal. All was done joyfully for the coming of the guests—for the coming of the King."

The lady in New York says she is afraid their meeting is described by the third proposition, but, that everyone knows how much working-up beforehand is necessary to produce any stir in a large city.

What do you think?

Some young ladies' circles like to sew, and some auxiliaries like to send an occasional box to the missions. What a pity, then, that they had scarcely any books, and only eight sewing-bags left for prizes at the Faith Hubbard school this summer; and the girls had to put on last year's white aprons, and make believe they were just as well satisfied!

An active worker in Ohio writes that she proposes a new departure in programmes for next year.

"It is my plan to introduce, each month, a biographical sketch of one of

the older and more prominent missionaries connected with the mission studied. But where shall I find the earlier history of one whose work is not yet finished and given to the world?" Will some one answer?

THE girls in Asheville Industrial School, N. C., have followed a gift of $10, sent last year to S. India, by $22.10 this year; "money, the more precious because it represents the work of loving hands and the prayers of trusting hearts."

THE *president of an auxiliary* thus begins her acknowledgment of the Annual Report of her own Woman's Board: "Dear Sir." Words fail us for a suitable comment.

SINCE THE AUGUST RECORD.

ARRIVALS.

July 12.—At New York, Miss Greene, from Persia. Address, 1222 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

July 26.—At New York, Miss Dean, from Oroomiah, Persia. Address, 631 Case Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

July 28.—At Vancouver, from Tungchow, China, Rev. C. W. Mateer, D.D., and Mrs. Mateer. Address, Wooster, Ohio.

Rev. Charles R. Mills, D.D., and Mrs. Mills. Address not known.

Also, Mrs. John Butler, from Ningpo. Address, Box 1218, Tacoma, Wash.

July 19.—At New York, Mrs. Van Hook, from Tabriz, Persia. Address, Mission House.

July 31.—At New York, Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Alexander. Address, Tridelphia, W. Va.

August 6.—At New York, Miss Alice Barber, from Beirût, Syria. Address, 400 Western Avenue, Joliet, Ill.

Miss Rebecca Brown, from Sidon, Syria. Address, Manasquan, N. J.

August 28.—At New York, Miss Scott, from Woodstock School, North India. Address, Washington, D. C.

DEPARTURES.

August 16.—From San Francisco, Miss Edna Cole, returning to Siam.

Also, Miss Emma Hitchcock and Miss Annabel King, to join the Laos Mission.

Also, Rev. S. F. and Mrs. Moore; Miss Victoria C. Arbuckle; Rev. Graham Lee, all to join the Korea Mission.

August 28.—From Vancouver, Mrs. R. E. Abbey, returning with one child to Nanking, China.

MARRIAGE.

July 7.—At Bangkok, Siam, Miss Eliza P. Westervelt to Rev. Stanley K. Phraner, both of Chieng Mai, Laos.

DEATHS.

August 2, In Van, Eastern Turkey, by whooping-cough, little Fred, nine months, youngest child of Rev. and Mrs. F. G. Coan, of Oroomiah, Persia.

August 24.—At Chambersburg, Pa., one week before his sixteenth birthday, William Reed, only son of Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Newton, of Ferozepore, India.

To the Auxiliaries

[For address of each headquarters and lists of officers see third page of cover.]

From Philadelphia.

Send all letters to 1334 Chestnut Street.

Directors' Meeting first Tuesday of the month, at 11.30 A.M., and prayer-meeting third Tuesday, at 12 M., in the Assembly Room. Visitors welcome.

MISS S. M. WHERRY, located many years at Dehra Dun, has been taking furlough in America two years past. She expects to return to India about the first of October. Her station is not designated, but wherever she goes she carries enthusiasm and love for her work, and may feel sure of a cordial welcome.

MISS EMMA MORRIS, of Perth Amboy, N. J., has been appointed to Khanna, a village near Lodiana, India.

MISS EMILY N. FORMAN, daughter of Rev. C. W. Forman, has also been appointed to Khanna.

WE should like to repeat the request for help in collecting material for a new volume of Exercises for Mission Bands. Bible readings, recitations, dialogues, hints for programmes, anything that might be useful to Band leaders, Christian Endeavor or Sabbath school workers, in preparing for missionary rallies or for their regular meetings; anything that has helped you in such work, especially original material that has proved interesting. Please send on at once to Miss Nelson, and so have a share in compiling the new book.

THE two pages of the July number of *Children's Work*, giving the telephone call for NEW WORK for the Bands, have been struck off for circulation, and may be had by sending postage.

THE request already made that we might be furnished with the address of superintendents of Junior Christian Endeavor Societies may have been overlooked by some, and we ask again that those addresses may be sent at once to Miss Nelson.

From Chicago.

Meetings at Room 48 McCormick Block every Friday at 10 A.M. Visitors welcome.

ALTHOUGH the last month of summer is not the one which Herbert calls "a nest where sweets compacted lie," August brought many blessings to this mission room. It was then that Miss Jewett of Persia talked of true believers there and the long probation by which their faith is tested and the persecutions through which some of them pass. Mrs. Hubert Brown of Mexico also spoke that Friday morning and answered questions in Spanish with more ease than we could ask them in English.

AMONG the other missionaries who have looked in during the month upon this place of old associations were Rev. Wm. K. Eddy of Syria and Mrs. R. E. Abbey, the latter returning to China with sweet Baby Marion, to work which, by the riots, was "cast down but not destroyed."

IT may be useful and helpful to Synodical and Presbyterial officers to see a comparative list of the gifts to foreign missions, by Synodical societies, for the years ending in 1891 and 1892.

	1891.	1892.
Synod of Colorado	$10,098.55	$12,430.28
" " Illinois	35,648.58	35,291.15
" " Indiana	12,815.56	12,972.12
" " Iowa	6,754.01	7,236.06
" " Michigan	9,320.40	9,304.16
" " Minnesota	6,559.57	7,174.20
" " Nebraska	1,785.05	1,754.57
" " North Dakota	336.00	418.02
" " Ohio	3,315.38	2,974.50
" " South Dakota	356.46	442.83
" " Utah	419.15	488.16
" " Wisconsin	3,279.58	4,236.64

BEFORE this number of the Magazine reaches its readers, an appeal for help for the Building Fund will be in the hands of the Synodical officers. We need to raise this year about $8,000 for dwelling houses, school houses, churches and ground for buildings. We want this to come as an outside offering. The Board has apportioned this amount among the twelve Synods and hopes for a ready response. Let each woman give this year a handsome Columbian offering in addition to her regular gift.

SOME who find no opportunity for letter writing may not know how easily a welcome token of remembrance may be sent to even the most distant missionary. The postage on papers and pamphlets is only half a cent an ounce to any point within the Postal Union, and that includes all our Presbyterian missions. After reading some article we like, how easy to mark it and send it on to one of those whose words and works have raised our hearts to higher levels.

ONE whose heart is in the cause of missions, whether her body is in Chicago or among the pines of her summer home, wrote from the cottage which is made a beacon of gospel light: Do speak of "My Refuge" often at Room 48, for there are always some strangers and even some home folks who may not know of it.

"And whenever you leave the silence of the special meeting place,
You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face."

To what spiritual heights Ellen Goreh attained to write those lines.

From New York.

Prayer-meeting at 53 Fifth Ave. the first Wednesday of each month at 10.30 A.M. Each other Wednesday there is a half-hour meeting for prayer and the reading of missionary letters, commencing at the same hour.

THE friends of missions are reminded that the New York City season is, at best, all too short for our social monthly meetings, and when we gather on Wednesday, October 5, for the opening Fall Meeting, it is ardently hoped, not only that no face will be missing of all the managers and officers of the Board, but that Lenox Hall may be filled with members of our city churches and by suburban visitors.

We deprecate the notion getting abroad that this is an exclusive or "Board" Meeting. It is *your* meeting, dear Presbyterian woman, if you are within reach of it. There is always room for children with their mothers, and they would often be deeply interested. Young ladies are warmly welcomed, and ladies who are interested in missions, from any church fold. Travelers passing through the city are cordially invited, both to meet with us and to introduce themselves.

There are no stairs to be climbed; our beautiful Lenox Hall is on the first floor of the Mission House. Many blessings have been there dispensed in past months. Come and share them. Come and help us pray for Persia, on October 5, half-past ten in the morning.

IN view of the urgent demands of our ever enlarging missionary work and the embarrassment of a treasury frequently in debt, is not the great need of the present *an enlarged constituency?*

Let every presbyterial officer scan well the field of her presbytery in search of possibilities for *new organizations.*

Let *every member* of a Missionary Band or Society gain *one new member* to pray, as well as give and labor, and a grand impetus will be given to the work. The autumn is opening — let it be the beginning of the noblest year of service our societies have ever known, and let a loving spirit of personal discipleship and obedience to the Master inspire it all.

From Northern New York.

THE Semi-Annual Meeting, it is expected, will be held the third Tuesday in October, in connection with the meeting of the Synod of New York, in Albany. Arrangements for the meeting are not, at this writing, wholly completed; it is,

however, hoped that Rev. John Paton, D.D., of the New Hebrides Mission, will be able to be with us. Full particulars will be sent to all the Auxiliaries in advance of the meeting. Shall not this meeting be made the subject of earnest prayer that God's richest blessing may be poured out upon it?

AGAIN Mrs. H. M. Andrews has delighted her friends of the Champlain Presbytery, and through them all her Northern New York friends, with a most interesting letter from her old home in Mynpurie, to which station she had been transferred, and where her heart and hands seem to be full. We refrain from quoting from the letter, as the Auxiliaries will have an opportunity of reading it for themselves on another page.

WE have had the privilege of reading extracts from a letter written by Miss Christensen to a friend. Her heart seems burdened with the need of more workers for this field. In expressing the hope that she may not be the only member of the home church in the foreign field, she says: "Just here is room for many more. It is heart-breaking to see people wanting an education and not be able to give it to them for lack of money and workers. What shall be done for them, and how will the people who have power to supply both, be able to meet the Lord on the judgment day?" The scarcity of native food, caused by the famine in Bata, had made them fear that it would be necessary to send the children away. Before doing so, they laid the matter before the Lord. With what result? Miss Christensen writes: "I wish you could see the room to-day to which they brought the food; it was turned into a big market place. What a gracious Father we have!"

From St. Louis.

Meetings at 1107 Olive Street, first and third Tuesdays of every month. Visitors are welcome. Leaflets and missionary literature obtained by sending to 1107 Olive Street.

THE hot weather has so depleted our number that but one regular meeting of the Board was held during the month of August. For a midsummer meeting the attendance was fair, and the "precious feast" given us by our leader was food for both brain and heart. We felt that the blessed promise of our Saviour was truly verified — "for where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them." There was but little business before the meeting. The first of our new "special object" work, a Bible woman in India, was taken by a new society of Cambria, Mo. Another new society was received from Anthony, Kansas.

THE Treasurer of our Board reports the receipts for August, 1892, $976.36. Increase to date, $285.70 Contributions from Y.P.S.C.E., $43.72.

THE Synodical Meetings to be held this month are: Missouri, at Kansas City; Indian Territory, at El Reno, and Texas. We know the brave sisters in Texas will have a good meeting, nothing daunted by many obstacles. We hope these meetings will all be largely attended. They serve as good starting points for the winter's work. We look for full reports later of the unique Synodical camp-meeting which was held at Ottawa, Kansas, early this month.

From San Francisco.

Board Meeting, first Monday of each month, at 933 Sacramento Street; business meeting at 10.30 A.M.; afternoon meeting and exercises by Chinese girls in the Home at 2 P.M. Visitors welcome.

THE Semi-Annual Meeting of the Occidental Board will probably be held in Fresno in connection with the meeting of Synod this month. Notice of the exact time and place of meeting will be found in *The Occident*.

A LARGE party of missionaries were present at a reception given by our "In His Name Society" of San Francisco, on Monday evening, August 15. Among them were Miss Edna Cole, Miss Annabel King, of Park College; Miss Hitchcock, of whom Miss Nassau wrote us; and Miss Arbuckle and Rev. G. Lee. Addresses were made by the missionaries and by the President of the Society, and the meeting was closed by all present singing "Blest be the tie that binds," while hearts as well as hands were joined in Christian love.

A number of the young people and many members of the Occidental Board went down to the steamer the next day to wish these friends God-speed. We like to take our missionaries by the hand — it does us good to look into their faces, and as they sail away we pray while singing, "God be with you till we meet again."

AH CHEW, the Chinese boy who was for so many years a pupil in our Occidental School, astonished and aroused the people at one of Mr. Mills's crowded meetings by his eloquence and earnestness in pleading for work for his people. He is now assistant pastor of the Chinese Church of San Francisco, and we feel sure he will be the means of leading many to Christ. We never hear him speak without thinking of Miss Baskin, who was his faithful teacher for many years. How glad she would be to know the good he is doing.

NEW AUXILIARIES AND BANDS.

ILLINOIS.
Harvey.

IOWA.
Mariposa.
Plover.

MICHIGAN.
Menominee, Star Bd.

MINNESOTA.
Austin.
Lake Crystal.

NEBRASKA.
Lincoln, 3d Ch.

NEW YORK.
Moscow, The Gleaners.
Waddington, Home and For.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Coudersport, Young Ladies'.
Lansdowne, Young Ladies'.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church from August 1, 1892.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

BALTIMORE.—Taneytown, 10.00
CINCINNATI.—Cincinnati, 1st, 16; 6th, 15; Mt. Auburn, 78.30; Walnut Hills, 58.25; Harrison, Jun. S.C.E., 6; Lebanon, 10; Madeira, 1.08; Pleasant Ridge, 5.93; Western Fem. Sem., Oxford, 25; Wyoming, 33.45, 249.01
CLARION.—Bethesda, 12; Brockwayville, 14.50, Always Ready Bd., 6; Callensburg, 4, Y.P.C., 5; East Brady, 36, Beacon Lights, 25; Leatherwood, 13; Licking, 25.75, Y.L. B., 21; New Rehobeth, 25.92, Y.P.S., 7; Oak Grove, 13, Earnest Workers, 7; Pisgah, Y.P.S., 30, Snowflake Bd., 20; Punxsutawney, 5.75; Richland, 14; Wilcox, 4.06, 288.98
COLUMBUS.—Columbus, 2d, 66.50; Fifth Ave., 27.80, St. Andrews Bd., 2; Westminster, 5.20; London, Finley Bd., 12.50, 114.00
LEHIGH.—South Easton, S.C.E., Sr., 10, S.C.E., Jr., 5, 15.00
MORRIS AND ORANGE.—Chatham, 56.75
NORTHUMBERLAND.—Berwick, 5; Chillisquaque, 23.50; Danville, Mahoning 29.18; Lock Haven, 17.61; Milton, 40.50; Mt. Carmel, Mountain Bd., 9.04; Williamsport, 1st, 100; 2d, 57.23; 3d Ch., 12.60, 294.66
PHILADELPHIA, NORTH.—Ashbourne, Workers for Jesus, 4.56; Bridesburg, Busy Bees, 39; Germantown, 1st, 100, Indian Ten, 15.93, Eliot, Jr. Bd., 10.67, Travelers' Club, 3.14, Eliot, Sr., Bd., 3.25, S.C.E., 11.55; 2d, Seek and Save Bd., 16; Market Sq., 5, a lady, 20; Wakefield, S.C.E., 25; Hermon, Boys' Bd. and Cheerful Workers, 10; Jenkintown, Grace Bd., 15; Manayunk, Children of the King, 34, 313.10
SHENANGO.—New Brighton, Mrs. M. E. Palmer, 110.00
MISCELLANEOUS.—Philadelphia, Rev. J. H. Baird, 1; Stevensville, Pa., Mrs. S. C. Adams and A. H. Adams, 5; Winchester, Mass., Mrs. E. W. Labaree, 10; Wyandotte, Ohio, Mrs. E. C. Junkin, 5, 21.00

Total for August, 1892, $1,472.50
Total since May 1, 1892, 14,289.19

Chesapeake City, Md., Aux., has sent a box to Mrs. Ferris, Panhala, India.

MRS. JULIA M. FISHBURN, *Treas.*,
Sept. 1, 1892. 1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest to August 20, 1892.

BLACK HILLS.—Rapid City, Working Bd., 15.00
CAIRO.—Centralia, C.E., 17; Harrisburg, Bd., 22; Nashville, 1; Wabash Ch., 4, Always Ready Bd., 4; Tamaroa, 8.85, 56.85
CEDAR RAPIDS.—Cedar Rapids, 1st, 90.40, Holmes Bd., 19.41; Clinton, 116, Morning Glory Bd., 19.18; Mt. Vernon, Legacy of Mrs. Isabella Lafely, 17.75, Aurora Borealis Bd., 20; Vinton, 56.44, 339.18
CHICAGO.—Chicago, 2d, 20.30; 4th, 45; Ch. of the Covenant, 15.10; Mrs. J. A. G., 5, 85.40
CHIPPEWA.—Chippewa Falls, 4.50
CRAWFORDSVILLE.—Bethany, 25; Lexington, Mrs. R. O. Young, 200; Newtown, 25, 250.00
DETROIT.—Brighton, 1.50; Detroit, 1st, Richardson Bd., 55, Children's Union, 20; 2d Av., 18; Baker St., 30; Memorial Ch., 29, Cheerful Laborers, 5.85; Trumbull Av. Ch., 25; Westminster Ch., Y.L.S., 20; Howell, 15.30; Pontiac, 25.06, Y.L.S., 7.50; Ypsilanti, 35, 287.21
FARGO.—Jamestown College, 2.85; Sheldon, 14; Tower City, 23, 39.85
FT. WAYNE.—Kendallville, S.S., 3.17; Warsaw, 8, 11.17
INDIANAPOLIS.—Indianapolis, 2d, 100.00
IOWA.—Fairfield, Mr. Neri Ogden, 25.00
LIMA.—Findlay, 1st, 42, Lilies of the Field, 25; 2d, 6.35; Lima, King's Daughters, 21; Van Wert, 7.45, 101.80
MADISON.—Lima, Boardman Bd., 15.05; Reedsburgh, Miss Staples, 3, 18.05
MATTOON.—Tuscola, 10.59
MILWAUKEE.—Milwaukee, Calvary Ch., 45, Willing Workers, 5; Immanuel Ch., 75, Y.L.S., 37.50; Ottawa, 1.80, 164.30
NEW ALBANY.—Seymour, Evangel Bd., 19.00
OMAHA.—Craig, 2.20; Omaha, 1st, 18.75, Misses Halle and Fulton, 25; Lowe Av. Ch., 6; Schuyler, 1.50, 53.45
PEORIA.—Canton, Little Owls, 108.11
ST. PAUL.—Minneapolis, Bethlehem Ch., S.C.E., 12.50; Westminster Ch., 47; Red Wing, 14.50, 74.00
SPRINGFIELD.—Lincoln, Mrs. B. H. Brainerd, 200.00
UTAH.—Payson and Benjamin, 2.50
MISCELLANEOUS.—Mrs. C. M. F., 75 cts.; Xenia, Ind., Mrs. M. C. Kelsey, 3; Miscel., 20; Chicago, Miss Skinner, 10, 33.75

Total for month, $1,999.71
Total receipts since April 20, 8,927.93

MRS. C. B. FARWELL, *Treas.*,
CHICAGO, Aug. 20, 1892. Room 48 McCormick Block.

Receipts of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church for August, 1892.

BINGHAMTON.—Afton, 5.78
BOSTON.—Boston, Columbus Ave., Y.L. Soc., 8; Scotch, 4; East Boston, 15, Pearl Seekers, 10; Litchfield, N. H., 7; Londonderry, N. H., S.S. Miss. Soc., 9.14; Portland, Me., 3.75; Quincy, Mass., 10; South Boston, 7; Woonsocket, R. I., 1.75, 75.64
BROOKLYN.—Brooklyn, Ainslie St., 14.58; Bethany, 4.37; City Park Chapel, 7.29, Cheerful Givers, 9; Franklin Ave., 6.36; Greene Ave., 4.01; Memorial, 51.04; 2d, 4.72; Throop Ave., 91.12; Trinity, 10.21, 202.70
CAYUGA.—Aurora, Soc. for Christian Workers, 25; Praise meeting coll., 55; Ithaca, 13.39, 93.39
CHEMUNG.—Elmira, 1st, 37.97; Watkins, 14, 51.97
NEW YORK.—New York, Fifth Ave., 50; 7th, children, 5.70; University Pl. Ch., Bethlehem Chapel, Jun. Workers, 1.70, 57.40
ROCHESTER.—Brighton, 6, Gould Bd., 18; Geneseo Village, 20; Rochester, Brick, Y.L. Soc., 14; 1st, 30; North, 25; Scottsville, Miss. Bd., 18.34; Sparta, 1st, 31, 162.34
UTICA.—Augusta, 6.08, S.S., primary dept., 3; Clinton, 27; Houghton Sem., Y.L. Soc., 23; Holland Patent, 10; Knoxboro, Hollie Bd., 12; Little Falls, Here-am-I Bd., 20; New Hartford, 25; Rome, 70, S.S. Miss. Soc., 42.06; 1st, C.E. Soc., 10.54; Utica, Bethany, Inf. Bd., 27; 1st, 125, 1 member, 25; Memorial, S.S., 50; Olivet, 5; Waterville, 35, 515.68
MISCELLANEOUS.—Dr. C. Beebe's children, 15.00

Total, $1,179.90
Total since April 1, 1892, 10,981.69

MRS. C. P. HARTT, *Treas.*,
53 Fifth Ave., New York City.

MRS. J. A. WELCH, *Asst. Treas.*,
39 West Seventeenth St., New York City.

Receipts of the Woman's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions to August 22, 1892.

BENICIA.—Napa, S.C.E., 20; St. Helena, Crown Winners, 2.25; San Rafael, 11.50; Vallejo, 4.50, 38.25
STOCKTON.—Madera, 1st, 4.25
MISCELLANEOUS.—Board rec'd at the "Home," 215; Contribution Box, 2; Mrs. Grubb, Kansas, 1; Mrs. Chas. Montgomery, 75; Lima, Ohio, 1st, King's Daughters, 21, 314.00

$356.50
Previously acknowledged, 1,341.16

Total, $1,697.66

MRS. E. G. DENNISTON, *Treas.*,
933 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Cal.